

JANUARY 9, 1956

SPORTS

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BOB COUSY BASKETBALL'S GENIUS

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reversible to
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with knit trim 34.95

DOWNHILL PANTS
for men
and women
29.95



White Stag Nike Pk
Portland, Oregon

CHRISTMAS CAME in many delightful ways to readers of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* this year, but it is doubtful if anywhere it brought more cheer than to the home of 12-year-old Kirk Williamson of Jacksonville, Texas. The story tells so well the kind of pleasant things that are likely to happen when our readers start writing letters that I am glad to be able to pass it on to you.

It began a couple of years ago when young Master Williamson, recovering in a hospital from a bout with polio, read James Street's novel, *Goodbye My Lady*, which is a fantasy about an uncommon and particularly charming breed of dog, the Basenji. In its issue of last September 19, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* carried an account of the goings on in Albany, Georgia, where the motion-picture adaptation of the book was being filmed. Shortly afterward SI received two communications, one from Kirk, which asked simply for any additional information we could send him on the Basenji; the other from Mrs. Bettina Belmont Ward, a leader in Basenji breeding of Middleburg, Virginia, who felt that our story (which pointed out that the Basenji, when called upon to star in the role of quail hunter, presents some problems) did not give the breed its deserved due.

The coincidence of letters naturally suggested putting Mrs. Ward and Kirk in touch with each other. Mrs. Ward was only too happy to send "masses of literature" on Basenjis to Jacksonville, Texas. Kirk was only too happy to devour them.

The correspondence flourished, until Christmas when Bettina's Bronze Star, a canine traveler from Virginia, who celebrated his first birthday the next day, arrived wagging his tightly curled tail at the Williamson home near Jacksonville. A gift from Mrs. Ward and known as "Tubby" to his intimates, "He is," wrote Mrs. Ward, "generally an extra-special dog and already has 12 points on his championship."

As a hunter, Tubby is so far untested, but Kirk has plans to try his talents on squirrels. The Basenji, which does not bark, can scream, laugh and maybe sometimes yodel.

There are also rumors, without foundation in Mrs. Ward's experience, that he weeps when unhappy. It's no rumor, however, but a fact that Kirk Williamson can weep when he's happy. "He was," Mrs. Ward said, "in tears when he called to thank me for Tubby. I can hardly express the pleasure it gave me."

And, I should add, the pleasure it's given to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.



Harry Phillips

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An SI special

42 BOB COUSY: BASKETBALL'S CREATIVE GENIUS

The great star of Boston's Celtics is more than an agile wizard; he is a dedicated personality who is leading the game out of one of its periodic wildernesses. HERBERT WARREN WIND examines the man and the game in the first of two parts

33 SPECTACLE: LAND OF THE RISING SKI

In Japan, some 2,500,000 devotees rally forth each winter to the snowy slopes on which Chikara Iyaya became a champion. EERA BOWEN tells the story, with four pages in color by BOB GOLDBERG

26 FOOTBALL'S ANNUAL APOTHEOSIS—THE BOWL GAMES

SI correspondents report the final football strife of the season as championship met champion in the Orange, Sugar, Cotton and Rose bowls

10 CONVERSATION PIECE: SUBJECT: HARVEY SCHUR

At 16, this Scarsdale, N.Y. boy is already an accomplished big-game hunter with more trophies, as RICHARD GERMAN reports, than his parents know what to do with. With a full-page portrait in color

36 SOME BASEBALL STATISTICS, ANYONE?

This is the time of the year when players, performances, platoon and profit/loss come under the spotlight's searching eye. H. ALLEN SMITH gets into the act with a few offbeat items you may have missed

38 THE TOURNAMENTS AND THE MAN WHO

There were a score of basketball tournaments last week, but the Holiday Festival at Madison Square Garden had the awe and only Bill Russell. ROY TERRELL's roundup of the holiday tournaments reports the awe in which Russell left a over skeptical East

THE DEPARTMENTS:

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42 **Sporting Look:** Creator of the classic spectator look of American women in the world's resorts, Sydney Wragge is a sportsman himself. With four pages of the Wragge Look in color

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70 **Ski Tip:** FRIEDR. PREISER, U.S. Olympic team coach, advises novices and experts on how to keep their skis from chattering on turns



COVER: BOB COUSY

Photograph by Hy Perkin

The man on the cover, seemingly defying the laws of gravity and centrifugal force as he fanks two would-be blockers, is Bob Cousy, acknowledged by just about everyone to be the finest of all modern basketball players. Cousy's style, as this photograph shows, is based on an extraordinary fluidity of movement, an ability to change his mind and his motion at the last split second and thus confound the opposition with unexpected moves. The story of this extraordinary star and his contributions to his game is told on page 42.

Acknowledgments on page 67

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

SPECTACLE: THE BING CROSBY INVITATIONAL

At California's Monterey Peninsula, winter golf's most colorful tournament pits the touring stars against some of the most spectacular holes in golf

THE ANNUAL AUDUBON BIRD COUNT

John O'Reilly reports the biggest event of the bird watcher's year. With four pages of paintings in color by Roger Tory Peterson

PLUS: PART II OF BOB COUSY, BASKETBALL'S GENIUS; AND A PREVIEW OF THE INDOOR TRACK SEASON

SCOREBOARD

...THESE FACES IN THE CROWD...



Willie Hartack, 25-year-old jockey who tops his profession in winning rides this year, cut short vacation when his Tropical Park leadership was threatened, returned to boot home five more winners for 1955 total of 417 (see page 11).



Maurice (Rocket) Richard, fiery Montreal right wing, took pass from his rookie brother Henri to score 500th goal of 14-year National Hockey League career as league-leading Canadiens broke two-game slump to beat Toronto 5-2.

FOOTBALL

Oklahoma, rated best team in country, was held in check for 39 minutes by rugged Maryland defense before Tommy McDonald broke through for score in third quarter, setting stage for two more touchdowns, the last on sub Halfback Carl Dodd's 82-yard dash with intercepted pass to give Sooners smothering 20-6 triumph in Orange Bowl.

End Dave Kaiser's well-directed field goal from 31-yard line, with seven seconds to play, broke 14-14 deadlock, gave Michigan State narrow 17-14 win over UCLA before screaming 100,000 in bruising Rose Bowl thriller. Kick came minutes after Ronnie Knox's pass and Doug Peters' one-yard dive had given UCLA tie.

Georgia Tech made most of pass interference penalty called against Pitt's Bobby Grier in first quarter, sent Wade Mitchell crashing over from one-yard line for game's only touchdown and 7-0 victory over Panthers in Sugar Bowl.

Mississippi, surging from behind on pinpoint passing of versatile Eagle Day, line-busting and valet kicking of Paige Cotnam, pushed over winning score in closing minutes to upset TCU 14-13 in Cotton Bowl despite spectacular running of All-America Jim Swink, who registered both touchdowns for Horned Frogs.

Vanderbilt, outwitted and outgained, outscored favored Auburn 25-13 in Gator Bowl at Jacksonville, Fla. as Junior Quarterback Don Orr passed for one touchdown, ran for two others.

East All-Stars, with Iowa Quarterback Jerry Ruchow expertly directing Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes' devastating split-T,

crunched out two touchdowns in first half, were led to another pair by Illinois' Ernie Lindbeck in final minutes to overpower West 29-6 in Shrine game at San Francisco.

George Walsh, brilliant Navy star, made good use of air-tight protection to complete 12 of 20 passes for 164 yards, had hand in all three scores as South beat North 20-7 in Orange Bowl all-star game at Miami.

Kentucky's accurate-throwing Bob Hardy found sticky-fingered target in All-America Teammate Howard Schnellenberger, outpitched Wisconsin's Jim Haskins in spectacular aerial duel to give South close 20-19 decision over North in Blue-Gray classic at Montgomery, Ala.

Wyoming rallied for two touchdowns in last period to upset Texas Tech 21-14 in Sun Bowl; Border Conference came from behind to beat Skyline Conference 13-10 in Salad Bowl; Prairie View battered Fisk 39-0 in Prairie View Bowl; Halfback George (Dusty) Rice's scoring runs of 97 and 95 yards led Air Force All-Stars to 33-14 victory over Army in Rire Bowl at Tokyo.

BASKETBALL

New Yorkers turned out to watch San Francisco and fabulous Bill Russell and they weren't disappointed as Dons rushed past La Salle 79-62, Holy Cross 67-51 and UCLA 79-53 to capture Holiday Festival, stretching winning streak to 35 and prompting New York Knickerbocker Coach Joe Lapchick to comment: "... the best college team I ever have seen."

North Carolina State, after sluggish 39-54 victory over Oregon State, put together tight zone defense and flashy fast break to rout Wake Forest 70-58, North Carolina 82-60 and win Dixie Classic at Raleigh, N.C.

George Washington, with triple-teamed sure shot Joe Holup rebounding and pouring in points, whipped St. Francis of Loretto, Pa. 68-58, held off rallying Michigan State long enough to win 65-62 in Maryland Winter Invitational at College Park, Md. after beating Wyoming 82-75.

Brigham Young came back from two straight losses to tumble Toledo 89-79, Detroit 99-77 in Motor City tournament at Detroit as little Terry Tebbe scored 67 points in two games, then bowed to Michigan 80-79.

Iowa State, fired up by Gary Thompson's clutch shooting, outlasted Kansas State 79-71, Colorado 55-52, had easier time beating Kansas 67-56 in Big Seven final at Kansas City.

SMU showed ability to win close ones, outscoring Arkansas 67-62 and Southern

California 70-64, went on to upset Rice 76-73 in overtime in Southwest Conference tournament at Houston.

Notre Dame pulled major surprise in Sugar Bowl, whipping Alabama 86-89 and Utah 70-65 after Utes lost star rebounder Art Bunte early in second half.

Tulsa upset Oklahoma City 63-58 in All-College competition at Oklahoma City while Cincinnati trounced Richmond 89-60 in Richmond (Va.). Invitational final: West Virginia got by Miami 83-78 to take honors in Orange Bowl at Miami Beach, Fla.; Clemson outscored South Carolina 94-87 to win in Gator Bowl at Jacksonville, Fla.

Dayton maintained close record by beating Washington & Lee 86-54 for ninth straight; Kentucky's Bob Burrow scored 40 points in 101-80 win over St. Louis. (For other results, see page 11.)

Boston Celtics, playing best ball in NBA, ran winning streak to seven with victories over St. Louis 193-102, Syracuse 110-105, Rochester 112-100, Philadelphia 121-113, moved into first-place tie with Warriors in Eastern Division while **Fort Wayne Pistons** beat St. Louis three straight, got by Rochester 83-73 to hold top spot in West.

SKIING

Max Miller, who got his early training in junior ski program at McCall, Idaho, skidded over 15-kilometer course at Spout Springs, Ore. in 1:04.33, beating Larry Damon of Burlington, Vt. to win national cross-country championship and berth on U.S. Olympic team. Others picked: Damon and Lynn Levy of New Orleans for cross-country; Marvin Crawford of Steamboat Springs, Colo., Ted Farwell Jr. of Montague City, Mass. and Charles Tremblay of Keeno, N.H. for nordic combined.

TRACK & FIELD

Perry O'Brien, powerful Californian, joined speedster Bobby Morrow in giving record-breaking performance at Auckland last New Zealand **Murray Halberg** stole spotlight with brilliant finish in 4:02.2 mile. O'Brien heaved shot put 58 feet 4 inches and tossed discus 139 feet 3 inches while Len Spierrier, third member of touring U.S. team, in first try at mile, ran respectable 4:08 behind Halberg.

Wes Santee made still one more futile attempt at elusive 4-minute mile in ideal weather on fast track at Coral Gables, Fla., ran special race in good but unspectacular 4:06.3 after complaining of cramping pain in lower calf of right leg.

Jesse Nishubara, long-striding Oklahoma A&M star, began new year by springing

RECORD BREAKERS

MOTORBOATING—Esko Selva, daredevil Italian speedboat racer from Milan, gunned his sleek new 300-horsepower hydroplane Moschiettera, powered by 18-year-old Alfa-Romeo engine once used in automobile, up to swift 144 mph, averaged 141.767 for two runs, faster than any other class boat of similar engine size has ever traveled in American waters, in Orange Bowl Regatta at Miami, Fla. (Dec. 28).

Howard Abbey of Miami accounted for new world record, skipping along at 59.891 mph in time trial to shatter 5-year-old AFPA mile standard for F service inboard runabouts (Dec. 28). Old record: 57.280 mph, set by Edison Hedges of Red Bank, N.J. in 1951.



Karen Ann McGuire, pretty 12-year-old who unsuccessfully bid her \$24.03 "life savings" for Nashua, was given consolation prize of 8-year-old gelding by officers of Hanover Bank, happily named it Hanover's Wishing Star.



Casey Stengel, valuable world traveler, visited London for first time in 31 years, ruefully observed the British "were just as calm about my arrival as they were back in 1924," before flying to New York for pre-season trade talks.



Bobby Morrow, speedy Texan on good-will tour with two other U.S. stars, breezed to 9:59.3 for 100 yards at Auckland but got too great an assist from following wind (nine feet, a second) to be credited with tying world record.

to new meet record of 8:47.1 for 400 meters, anchored his team to victory in 1,600-meter relay to gain Most Valuable Athlete award in Sugar Bowl meet at New Orleans.

BOXING

Vince Martinez, his skill as welterweight boxing master firmly established, showed he can also punch when he unloaded quick combinations, finished off tough Middleweight Peeter Mueller with smashing right in second round at Milwaukee.

Young Jack Johnson, California novice heavyweight with only 16 pro fights, raked fading 34-year-old Ezzard Charles with long left and right cross, won by TKO in sixth at Los Angeles to push reluctant former champion another step toward retirement.

LSU, with 139-pound Bobby Freeman stopping Orin Lyons for his third Sugar Bowl title, gave new Coach Ted Thrash 5-2 victory over Syracuse at New Orleans.

TENNIS

Vic Seixas, top-ranking amateur since Tony Trabert joined pros, was led merry chase by onetime star but now weekend player Dick Savitt, who upset Bernard Barten and Tom Brown Jr. on way to finals, lost first two sets 2-6, 4-6 but found range with drop shots to take next three 6-2, 6-1, 6-2 to capture his first Sugar Bowl invitational at New Orleans.

MILEPOSTS

HONORED—**Harrison Dillard**, lanky two-time Olympic champion (100-meter dash in 1948; 110-meter hurdles in 1932), holder of world record of 0:22.3 for 220-yard low hurdles, publicity man for Cleveland Indians, member of Cleveland Boxing Commission, named winner of James E. Sullivan Memorial Trophy for 1955 as nation's outstanding amateur athlete, in New York.

HONORED—**Harry Hopman**, outspoken master-mind of Australia's Davis Cup team, one of world's leading tennis figures; made Commander, Order of the British Empire, by Queen Elizabeth, in London.

nien—**Christy Walsh**, 64, veteran sports-writer, ghost writer for Eddie Rickenbacker, Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Knute Rockne and others, manager of sports celebrities, founder of All-America Board of Football; of heart attack, at North Hollywood, Calif.

Nancy O'Connell, Auburn-haired 15-year-old called "the equal of Maureen Connolly at the same stage" by knowledgeable Mrs. Hazel Wightman, was hailed as tennis' brightest prospect after winning both singles and doubles titles in 18-year-and-under, 15-year-and-under divisions for unprecedented quadruple victory in U.S. girls' indoor championships at Brookline, Mass.

HORSE RACING

Honey Alibi, far back in early going, moved up quickly to win \$30,650 Malibu Sequet Stake by head in photofinish with Hillary as favored Traffic Judge faded badly in stretch, wound up in seventh place at Santa Anita, Calif.

Terrang, sprightly 2-year-old who in Rex Ellsworth's leading hope for Kentucky Derby, was given able ride by Willie Shoemaker in first start since last summer, took \$30,500 California Breeders' Trial Stakes by 3/4 length at same track.

Hasty House Farms, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Allie Reuben of Toledo, put on last-week spurt at Tropical Park, pushed 1945 earnings to \$832,879—\$1,454 more than Belair Stud's \$831,425—to become year's top money winner. Roughly 99% of Belair's earnings were by one horse: Nashua.

MOTORBOATING

Henry Lasterbach, 36-year-old racing boat builder from Portsmouth, Va., trailed Italy's dashing Ezio Selva in two of three heats but won protected victory and possession of \$7,500 Baker Paddium Trophy in International Grand Prix at Orange Bowl Regatta when officials disqualified Selva for cutting inside marker in first race.

WRESTLING

Ed DeWitt, agile 167-pounder, outgripped Holstra's Pete Damone for Pitt's only individual championship but Panthers piled up enough points (69) to dethrone Michigan in Wilkes College open tournament at Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Penn State's Sidney Nodland (123 pounds), Larry Fornicola (137 pounds), Joe Krufka (177 pounds) and Will Oberly (191 pounds), competing unattached, stole show by taking four titles.

HOCKEY

Montreal faltered briefly while leading to Toronto 2-0, snapped back to thump Maple Leaf 5-2, Chicago 7-3, held 13-point lead over New York in National Hockey League. Rangers bowed to Black Hawks but outskated Boston 6-2, 4-2 while third-place Detroit outscored Boston 4-3, Chicago 5-1, tied Toronto 2-2 to go over .500 mark for first time this season.

FOR THE RECORD

BASEBALL

San Francisco Giants

1. Philadelphia N.Y.	Syr.	Brook.
W 16, L 9	57-80	112-89
Pct. .543	.70-80	.558
2. Boston	St. L.	Syr.
W 16, L 9	108-102	110-102
Pct. .643	.543	.543
3. New York	Phil.	Brook.
W 15, L 13	108-97	113-91
Pct. .538	.70-79	.571
4. Syracuse	Brook.	Phil.
W 15, L 14	91-82	83-112
Pct. .517	.500	.417

EASTERN DIVISION

1. Philadelphia N.Y.	Syr.	Brook.
W 16, L 9	57-80	112-89
Pct. .543	.70-80	.558
2. Boston	St. L.	Syr.
W 16, L 9	108-102	110-102
Pct. .643	.543	.543
3. New York	Phil.	Brook.
W 15, L 13	108-97	113-91
Pct. .538	.70-79	.571
4. Syracuse	Brook.	Phil.
W 15, L 14	91-82	83-112
Pct. .517	.500	.417

WESTERN DIVISION

1. San Francisco	St. L.	Brook.
W 16, L 9	83-67	90-87
Pct. .643	.543	.543
2. Boston	St. L.	Syr.
W 16, L 9	108-102	110-102
Pct. .643	.543	.543
3. New York	Phil.	Brook.
W 15, L 13	108-97	113-91
Pct. .538	.70-79	.571
4. Syracuse	Brook.	Phil.
W 15, L 14	91-82	83-112
Pct. .517	.500	.417

BOXING

YAMA HAMAMA, 16-round decision over Paolo Meis, welterweight, New York.

WILLIE PEP, 10-round decision over Andy Ang, featherweight, Miami Beach.

GYMNASTICS

U.S. Olympic champion, Savanah, Fla.

ERNESTINE RUSSELL, Windsor, Ont., women's overall title.

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ERNESTINE RUSSELL, Windsor, Ont., women's overall title.

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

Are bowl games
good or bad?

HAROLD SCHAFER, Bismarck, N. Dak.

President
Gold Seal Co.



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DR. WILSON H. ELKINS

President
University of
Maryland



"Bowl games are attractive to the participants, members of the student body and football fans. They contribute to the competitive spirit which has been such a factor in the building of this country. If players are not taken away from classwork, it seems to me that there are advantages to be gained."

FRANK GIFFORD

Halfback
N.Y. Football Giants



"Bowl games are good for some college conferences and bad for others. In the East, they are bad because the Ivy League and other universities want to de-emphasize the game, thinking it's gotten out of hand. In the West, Midwest and South, it's what the colleges want and they are good."

DEANE W. MALOTT

President
Cornell University



"Much of the trouble with college football begins with the profit motive; bowl games dangle the dollar sign to an alluring degree. Colleges cannot justify taking part in such spectacles over which they have little or no control. Bowl games are out of season, out of perspective and out of setting."

JOHN C. MAYFIELD, Houston

Chairman at the Board
Houston Port Bureau



"Contrary to the prevailing opinion in the Ivy League, I think bowl games are good for colleges. They give players and student bodies the one chance in a lifetime for football supremacy. The Aggie Club, of which I'm president, is enthusiastic about bowl games."

WILLIAM W. GOWNEY, Springfield, Ill.

Administrative
assistant to
Gov. Stratton



"What's wrong with bowl games? The players look forward to them. The student body loves them. The alumni are enthusiastic. They are held during Christmas vacations and don't interfere with studies. And they're wonderful to watch on TV after a bad night on New Year's Eve."

HENRY O. HORMEL, Medford, Mass.

College football
field judge



"Good. The players go to the bowl games on their own time, during Christmas vacations. This doesn't interfere with their studies. It's their reward for a great season. The boys will remember it the rest of their lives. Some of the bowl games have a charity angle. The entire country enjoys them on TV."

DR. JOHN A. HANNAH

President
Michigan State
University



"They can be good if properly sponsored and administered; however they can be bad if there is undue emphasis on the commercial features. I subscribe to the idea that participating institutions should have control of the game itself and considerable to say concerning the events surrounding the game."

REV. THEODORE M. NESBURGH, C.S.C.

President,
University of
Notre Dame



"One can't answer the question significantly if you just ask: 'Are bowl games good or bad?' Football is only a part of a larger educative process. What is most important is not the game, but the boys who play it while they are in the process of getting an education. The really significant question is: 'Are bowl games good or bad for players?' If you assume that some few colleges will be outstanding almost every year and, therefore, invited to participate in bowl games very often, I would think that bowl games will interfere with the main business of the college student; getting an education. Practicing for, anticipating, traveling to and from, playing and post-morteming games from September 1 to January 1 does not leave much time for normal study—the real price of an education. If championship teams must have bowl games as playoffs, why not shorten the schedule, play the bowl games to end the season and then get on with the main purpose of a player's life in college? Bowl games may be good for football, but I don't think that what is good for football is necessarily good for the players—unless, by some distortion of values, football is their real life, and college a game."

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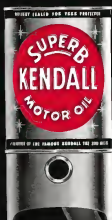
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HOTELS

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TIP FROM THE TOP



Especially for older players

from **AL COLLINS**, *Babineau Country Club, Nassau*
and *Sleepy Hollow Country Club, Scarborough-on-Hudson, N.Y.*

On almost every golf course there are at least three or four holes where it is a distinct advantage to get the ball out a good, long distance from the tee. I am now 59 years old, and in recent years I have found that I can no longer get that old yardage with standard-length drivers. Like any player who once was a fairly long hitter, I hated to give up that distance and play an old man's game, so two years ago I began experimenting with longer-shafted drivers. Of course, the idea was not original. Through the years many fine amateurs and pros—Bobby Cruickshank and Chick Evans among them—have used such clubs successfully.

Based on my own experiences, I have come to the following conclusions about longer-shafted drivers: 1) They do indeed facilitate greater distance, especially for men over 50. 2) The swing is easier to control. 3) Your swing pattern need not be altered. 4) After running the scale from 46-inch shafts to 51-inch shafts, I find that 48 inches is best for me. I understand that Bing Crosby is using 46 inches. (The standard length is 43 inches.)

Skipping the involved language of physics, it all boils down to this: the two ways you can gain greater distance are a) by increasing the speed of your club head by speeding up your swing, or b) by increasing the arc of your swing. The former is risky. It multiplies the chances for error. Go with the latter. Keep your normal speed and increase your arc with a longer-shafted club.



Al Collins demonstrates the standard-length and the longer-length drivers



NEXT WEEK: SHELLEY MAYFIELD ON THE LEFT HEEL

You can read this just for fun . . .

This whole issue of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, we mean, and all the 50 issues to follow, too, in 1956

For if you have just received a subscription as a Christmas gift, welcome to the Wonderful World of Sport . . . and if you're a member of the club from way back, you don't have to be told how welcome you are.

Here are a few of the ways in which you can count on SI to make your enjoyment of sport in 1956 a weekly certainty.

News: SI brings you the scores and the stories, fresh as a breeze, authoritative as a referee's whistle—on not just the big events, but on all the other events which take place on the edges of sport's swift-flowing main current. *Plus*

Color: On-the-field, inside-the-action photography—from the cameras of experts who are asking you about a quarterback sneak, a hook shot or a riposte as they are about a lens or light meter. *Plus*

Background: The setting and the probabilities, coherently presented in SI's Preview. SI's exclusive Scouting Reports tell you what players to watch and what to watch for when you watch them. *Plus*

Discovery: No matter how wide your experience, you'll have the pleasure of learning to like new sports, sports you never dreamed you'd give so much as a week's golf tee for—until you read about them in SI. *Plus*

Service: In Scoreboard, Coming Events, Snow Patrol, Fisherman's Calendar, the essential information you'd have to piece together each week, as SI does, from countless news flashes, schedules and reports from all over the world.

Beyond all that, we think you'll find in SI an atmosphere of fellowship which is a sports tradition, one which our readers themselves reflect in each issue when they rally round at The 19th Hole.

... And pretty soon, we know you'll be as glad to be here in the Wonderful World of Sport as we are to have you.

"Those poor devils are dying"



MUSTACHED, bulky and calm, Jack Philip stood on the bridge of the U.S.S. *Texas*, watching his gunners pour fire into the Spanish men-of-war fleeing Santiago harbor.

Only a few days before, another American ship had accidentally fired at the *Texas*. Philip had responded by signalling: "Thanks, good line, but a little over."

Now enemy shells were whistling over his head from desperate vessels doomed to destruction. As the *Texas* sailed past the flaming, riddled *Albatros*, that Spanish battle-ship exploded.

Instantly, a great victorious shout sprang up on the *Texas*. But Captain Philip quickly silenced it:

"Don't cheer, men; those poor devils are dying."

A bold captain who ran a happy ship, Jack Philip was already something of a friendly hero to his men. But this one sentence, more than all his bravery, made him a hero of the Spanish-American War to millions of Americans.

For Americans prize gallantry. Gallantry is part of the great heritage — part of the strength — of the American people. And today, it is this strength — the strength of 165 million Americans — which forms the real guarantee behind one of the world's finest investments, United States Series E Savings Bonds.

That's why it's such a good idea for any American to buy Savings Bonds regularly and hold on to them. Start today!



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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

A LESSON FROM THE BIBLE • HARTACK, THE SUBMERSIBLE JOCKEY •
A HOLE IN THE PRO FOOTBALL LINE • NEW PAGE FOR DR. BANNISTER •
THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT ON SOCCER, ET AL • NORTH-SOUTH REUNION

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

BOXING's respected historian and affectionate senior critic, Nat Fleischer, editor and publisher of *The Ring*, the bible of boxing, surveyed his sport at the year's close and wrote:

"Looking over the year one cannot overlook the damage done to boxing by the hoodlum problem. While boxing is a fine sport catering to millions of fans there are, as in all business, the unsavory elements whose machinations place the entire game into disrepute. There is no form of athletics from which more pleasure is derived by TV addicts than boxing. Yet the sport and those in it are constantly subjected to attack and all because of the few who, though keeping in the background, rule over the boxing domain with an iron hand."

He made tart reference to the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) and "that organization's hold on national boxing," strengthened by the passing of two more clubs which had televised fights nationally. He commended Governor George M. Leader of Pennsylvania "for taking the initiative in combating evils in boxing" and New York's Commissioner Julius Helfand "for his defiance of those who are trying to take into their own hands the regulation of national boxing."

And as to the International Boxing Guild, the managers' sodality, Nat Fleischer noted that many boxers had quit the ring during the year for "lack of opportunity to engage in lucrative bouts, since most of the big-money contests went to a chosen few, managed by members of the powerful International Guild."

"The so-called 'big shots,'" he concluded, "have thwarted the progress of boxing in America."

WILLIE IS LEARNING

THURSDAY Miami race tracks joined in a testimonial dinner last week for a bank-haired young man named Willie Hartack. Among the presents, in recognition of one of Willie's current preoccupations, was a complete skin-diving set including an oxygen tank.

But before Willie could strap himself into his new present for an exploratory trip in southern waters, the quiet little man had other urgent business to attend to. The business was at Tropical Park, where Hartack, a professional jockey by trade, was cheerfully winning more horse races. When the year 1955 came to a close 5-foot 4-inch, 112-pound Willie had managed to run his season score to an amazing 417 winners. Only once before in the history of the American turf had a jockey passed the 400 mark—Willie Shoemaker had 485 winners in 1953.

Willie Hartack is not nearly as concerned with eclipsing Shoemaker's record some day—or even reaching the financial prominence of his more experienced contemporary Eddie Arcaro—as he is with simply winning races.

He admits to an excess of nervous energy and says the best way to get rid of it is to do a lot of riding. He does a great deal—usually averaging between six to nine races a day, many of them on horses that Arcaro couldn't be bribed to ride. He takes chances, sure, and some of them have cost him suspensions for rough riding. But Hartack, who rode his first winner in 1952 (his present total: 1,126), figures he is still learning his trade and won't qualify as a full-fledged master for maybe another eight years (in 1964, say). One of the secrets of his success is an almost infallible memory which permits him to recall the racing traits of hundreds of

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Sportsman of the Year Johnny Podres, who had been turned down by Selective Service because of an ailing back, was reclassified 1-A after a new medical exam. Ready for his two-year hitch whenever it starts, Johnny said brightly, "I'll come out and play ball again." The Dodgers hoped so.

The U.S. Jr. Chamber of Commerce gave the U.S. Olympic team its biggest assist to date when Jaycoes representatives at the Sugar Bowl presented a check for \$250,000 toward the \$1,160,000 needed to send the team to the games this year. In a joint venture with LARS the Jaycoes made collections at football and other games, sponsored dinners and telethons coast to coast.

Department of Justice lawyers had hoped their antitrust prosecution against the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) would begin in mid-January, but Federal Judge Sylvester Ryan said he could not possibly hear the case until April.

Murray Halberg, slender 22-year-old New Zealander with a crippled arm, has suddenly emerged as one of the bright running prospects for 1956. He ran the mile in 4:52.2 in an Auckland meet, thus reviving his promise of 1954, when he won the Penn Relays mile.

Nashua was welcomed to Hialeah by the mayor of Miami who presented him with a plastic key to the city festooned with carrots. Nashua nibbled the carrots politely, rolled in the fresh straw of his new stall, had his coat clipped and set out on a frisky half-mile workout, the first under his new orange-and-blue colors.

A \$1 million offer for the New York football Giants was rejected by President John Mara, whose father bought the franchise for \$2,500 in 1925. Mara explained, "The offer wasn't even as high as the bid for Nashua and I think our earning potential is higher than Nashua's."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 11

horses, both those he has ridden and those he has ridden against.

Veteran trainers, upon seeing Hartack in action for the first time, have been known to shudder. One of them not long ago summed up this explanation: "He's got the worst seat on a horse I've even seen—but somehow horses seem to run for him." Hartack's answer to his critics is quick and to the point, "Looks on a horse mean nothing. It's winning that counts, not looks."

Last winter in Florida, Arcaro was asked what he thought of the lad who may some day take his place as the leading rider in the country. "Hartack's a real good jock," replied the Master. "He has good temperament and doesn't get excited. But after you pick out seven or eight of the top riders the thing that counts is who gets on the best horse."

After his phenomenal 1955 year Hartack may well expect to get on some of the best horses in 1956. As a matter of fact, Calumet Farm, back on the Florida circuit for the first time in years with a stable of promising horses, has asked for first call on Willie's riding services. Calumet can be sure of one thing: their horses will get superb rides from a very serious and confident young man.

A STILLNESS IN CHICAGO

ANY way you look at it, George Stanley Halas, of Chicago, Ill., must be regarded as the Alexander Graham Bell of professional football. To be sure, Halas is only 60 years old now, and they have been playing football for money since the turn of the century, when even old Connie Mack had a team, but it was Halas who took pro football out of its sandlot rompers and dressed it up for the paying customers. And now, after 36 years as an owner, coach and onetime player with his legendary Chicago Bears, Halas says he is hanging up his cleats.

What Halas means is that from now on he will employ someone else to coach the Bears while he runs the business end and watches the games from a grandstand box. He says he is tired after all these years, but it was hardly apparent this season when his rejuvenated Bears came within half a game of tying the Los Angeles Rams for the National Football League's Western Division title. Halas still looked like football's man-in-perpetual-motion, stamping up and down the sidelines,

racing downfield with the ends on forward passes, angrily berating officials (rival coaches called it "intimidating") when decisions went against him. The sight of these thoroughly heartfelt theatrics, which work the fans into lead and steamy indignation on enemy grounds, has always been the most reassuring sight at Wrigley Field when the Bears are at home.

The Halas saga is already the liveliest part of pro football's growing legend. Back in 1921 when he bought the team—then known as the Decatur Staleys—and helped incorporate it into the infant NFL, Halas had to work as a night watchman in a refrigerator works to make enough money to stay in business. Through the long hours on duty he diagramed the plays which he gave to the team on Sunday morning before the game. Through the week he toured the sports departments of the Chicago papers with his press releases. On Sunday he handed out the equipment, rubbed down the muscles and bandaged the limbs of his teammates, then pulled on his jersey with the famous No. 7 and went out on the field to play left end. In his enthusiasm he once played a whole game with a broken jaw.

While it was growing respectable, pro football had its share of crises. There was the time, for instance, when the Bears, even then noted for their violence, were playing in Rock Island. Halas had had the foresight to dress his team across the river in Davenport and collect his \$1,000 guarantee in advance. For safety's sake he stuffed the money in the coat pocket of Brute

Trafton, the center and biggest man on the team. As it sometimes will when the Bears are playing, the game ended in a free-for-all between the teams, and before long Trafton was racing headlong down the street with half of Rock Island behind him. When the Bears reached the sanctuary of Davenport, Halas relieved Trafton of the wad of cash. The giant lineman watched in amazement. "If I'da known that," he said, "I wouldn't have stopped till I got to Mexico."

In those early days good crowds were hard to come by. Frequently after practice Halas would divide the team in two groups, sending half to the University of Chicago and the other half to Northwestern to distribute handbills advertising Sunday's game. Then in 1925, Halas gave pro football its single greatest hypodermic by hiring Red Grange, the Wheaton Iceman. The Bears barnstormed the country and proved a point that Halas had learned from Coach Bob Zuppke during his playing days at Illinois: college players are just beginning to learn the game when they graduate.

Grange and Halas were also responsible for another boom to football. During a game Grange wandered aimlessly out of an offensive formation toward the sidelines. When no one followed he tried it again, and the Bears threw him a pass. That was the beginning of the man-in-motion, a maneuver which changed the old T formation from a push-and-tug meleé into today's wide-open, rascle-dazzle, free-scoring excitement.

With his earnings from the Bears down through the years, Halas has built himself a number of successful businesses. In the off season he is a full-time executive in real estate, laundry, sporting goods and oil. Jimmy Conzelmann, a rival football pioneer, once described him as "the nicest rich man I know." Yet when football season arrives, Halas can concentrate only on the Bears, which he does from 6:30 in the morning until midnight, seven days a week. So there are those who wonder whether he will ever be able to contain himself in a grandstand box while another man—he won't yet say who—runs the team from the bench.

There are indications that Halas wonders too. "We have to keep the same offense," Halas says, speaking of next year. "The new coach has got to know that this is the best offense. Besides, we've got a new thing coming up—something we're not using now that should become a very important part of our offense." To help the new



WINTER SPORT

*At certain times I wonder
Just why I learned to ski;
I usually always think of it
While round around a tree.*
—ABRER T. SPRING

coach comprehend all this, the old Papa Bear does admit he will visit practice "on occasions."

With Halas on the sidelines, the promising new crop of young Bears may very well go on to the championship their owner expects of them in the next year or two. Yet, with the hoas absent from the playing field something enormous will have gone out of pro football; as if the Empire State Building were suddenly plucked out of the heart of Manhattan.

ONE YEAR LATER

ROGER BANNISTER, the man who broke the four-minute-mile barrier and was thereby named SI's 1954 Sportsman of the Year, is still running—perhaps harder than ever but in new directions. He has just completed his surgical internship at Oxford's Radcliffe Infirmary, a job that put him on call 24 hours a day; he is the diligent president of the Fitness Scheme for the National Association of Boys' Clubs and every so often he has to catch up with his wife.

Moyra Bannister is a lady whose interest in running could be called moderate. For a time, her husband says, she was under the impression that he had achieved sports immortality by running four miles in one minute.

Nonetheless, Mrs. Bannister appreciates the store her husband puts by running and she tries to help him as she can. Her method has been to leave their cluttered, third-floor rooms across from the Infirmary and walk along the towpath of the River Isis. Fifteen minutes later her husband leaves and tries to catch up with her. It keeps him fit.

Now some other arrangement must be made. The Bannisters are moving back to their studio flat in London's Kensington, which will be their home while he is resident house physician at the postgraduate school of Hammersmith Hospital, West London. There he will await the draft, in about six months, for two years of national service as a lieutenant in the Royal Army Medical Corps, very much as Johnny Podres, Sportsman of the Year for 1953, is waiting to be called up for service in the United States Army.

Hammersmith promises to be a relief after internship. Bannister's burdens as an embryo doctor were not lightened by his fame. For one thing, he has had to write an enormous lot of letters—advice to young runners, answers to requests for speeches and to requests for the solution of personal problems. Mrs. Bannister, a vivacious

brunette who was born in Sweden, helps with this correspondence, though she would rather be at her own work, which is painting. Since many of the letters come from Commonwealth countries and a surprising number from Africa, Mrs. Bannister sometimes feels that she is "helping to hold the Commonwealth together."

Dr. Bannister's consuming interest is the Boys' Clubs, made up of 2,000 affiliated clubs with a total membership of 200,000 youngsters aged from 14 to 18. As president of the clubs' Fitness Scheme, Bannister helped draw up tests to serve as challenging targets for the boys in strength, speed, stamina, skill and "spring."

This sibilant setup is based on points for performance. In the speed test, for example, a boy gets one point for sprinting 100 yards in 16 seconds, two points for 15 seconds and so on up to 10 points for 11 seconds. In the spring (jumping) tests he gets one point for high-jumping 3 feet 6 inches, 10 points for 5 feet. The skill test calls for throwing a football at a goal measuring 3 by 4 feet or bouncing a tennis ball against a wall and catching it an impressive number of times. Strength involves

chinning tests, and stamina offers a choice of a mile run (naturally), a five-mile walk or freestyle swimming. Bannister's point system for the mile gives one for doing it in seven minutes, 30 seconds, and 10 for a mere five-minute mile.

A 25-point total on five tests entitles a boy to a one-star certificate. He gets an extra star for each additional five points. Bannister spends a lot of



time signing starred certificates (thousands of them), in demonstrating the tests on TV, writing articles about them and appearing at club ceremonies.

But there is no chance that Bannister himself will return to track competition. He has won his star and has taken permanently to the grandstand. He follows reports of the current crop of runners eagerly and takes quiet satisfaction in the enormous popularity of running throughout the world. As to the coming Olympics, he will be a

continued on next page



"I'm going to feel like an idiot shouting 'Come on-n, Itzy-Bity.'"

remote but interested observer. He expects records to fall at Melbourne.

"Men don't get slower as time goes on," he explains.

Roger Bannister himself is moving along at a nice clip, too.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE

ARMY's Don Holleder has admitted (SI, Dec. 5) that part of the satisfaction of playing quarterback is giving orders. "If I was still playing end," he said after leading Army to victory over Navy, "I'd have just been doing what I was told."

The North-South game the other night found Holleder back at his old 1954 position, left end, for the North All-Stars (and doing what he was told). Among other things he made a leaping catch, twisted away from two South defenders and scored a touchdown; the only one, as it turned out, the North was to make that day. Holleder was honored as his team's outstanding performer—but they lost 20-7.

And the hero for the winners? None other than little George Welsh, the Navy quarterback who was a gallant figure even in defeat when Navy last played Army. This time he threw 20 passes, completed 12 for 164 yards and one South touchdown, scored another himself and was unanimously named the game's outstanding player.

Of course South beating North was not the same as Navy beating Army, but perhaps it took some of the sting out of losing the big one.

While the rest of the stunned Northerners shook their heads over George Welsh's artistry, Cadet Holleder accepted it as something the Army has known about for a long time. "I've seen Welsh play for four years now," he said. "I know how good he is."

ON MINORITY GROUPS

AMONG THE WONDERS of the sporting scene is the passionate devotion of various minorities to the sports that flourish without benefit of spectacles or big headlines.

Take fencing and squash and water polo and Rugby and pushball—take any one of dozens of others and you turn up fans as warmly partisan as baseball itself can claim. Speaking of baseball, Ford Frick, its high commissioner, is a minority man. Drop in at the St. Andrews Club in Yonkers, N.Y. any winter week and you'll probably

find him out on the ice furiously wielding his broom as a curler.

Take soccer, take lacrosse. Who would expect to find their devotees spending the holidays in solemn (not too solemn) conclave in Florida, debating ways and means to spread their gospels? Well, that is exactly how the holidays were spent by dozens of coaches and scores of players. The lacrosse crowd met at West Palm Beach, the soccer folks across the state at St. Petersburg.

Identical conclusions were reached at both conventions: 1) there is no game like lacrosse and 2) there is no game like soccer.

Indoor sessions heard encouraging reports on the growth of both games as participant sports with the greatest gains coming in Eastern colleges and preparatory schools. Both forums were concluded with "howl" games—the Coconut Bowl at West Palm Beach and the Soccer Bowl at St. Petersburg. Teams were drawn from some 80-odd soccer players representing a dozen colleges and from 70 lacrosse players from 20 colleges.

The suggestion (SI, Dec. 26) that the soccer people consider playing their schedules in the spring instead of bucking the competition of football in the fall drew these sample reactions:

From Glenn F. H. Warner, coach of Navy and chairman of the Soccer Forum: "Eighty-five per cent of the coaches would say such a change would

be impossible. You would find the remaining 15% in the smaller schools where the game is just catching on. They could start from scratch. One of the biggest difficulties is the arrangement of schedules. The problem is not a single, soccer-coach problem. It is a director of athletics problem and to him soccer is just a sideline. . . . I also say it is too hot in the spring to play soccer. I can't imagine 85 minutes of soccer in May."

From Alan Moore, coach at the University of Florida: "I'd say let's try spring soccer where we can. I know there would be difficulties, and I am inclined to agree that in many schools you would be bucking too many other activities in the spring. And in some schools the soccer coach also coaches lacrosse. I know Navy couldn't do it, but let some of the others try to fit it in."

It remained for John D. Talbot, soccer coach at George School near Newton, Pa., to sound the note that rang true for soccer, for lacrosse and for all the other well-loved but spectator-poor minor sports.

"I don't want to sound sentimental," said Talbot, "but I think I would prefer an intimate crowd of 1,000 who cherish the game to the 50,000 and 75,000 who now go to the football games, not for the football, because they may not know or care much about it, but because it is a huge pageant that everybody attends."

SPECTACLE

LAND OF THE RISING SKI

Ancient Japan, with a snow-bunny population of some

8,500,000, counts skiing as its second most popular sport

In winter one Japanese out of every 10 piles onto a weekend snow train or a rickety bus and heads for a ski resort such as Yuzawa (*following page*), four hours outside Tokyo. Introduced to the islands in 1910, skiing really caught on after a visit in 1929 by the late Hannes Schneider—and has since grown in popularity to rank just behind Japan's national game of baseball. In contrast to Americans, the Japanese are a nation of hustling, recreational skiers who can get through a lifetime without dreaming of winning a race or even a bronze medal for passing a local ski school test. Nonetheless, Japan has produced at least one topflight Olympic candidate—Chiharu Igaya, who, as a Dartmouth student, twice won the U.S. slalom championship and will race for his native country at Cortina d'Ampezzo later in the month. For more on skiing in Japan, including some commentary by Igaya, turn to page 19.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GOLINEK



Japanese skiers swarm over slopes at typical resort of Yuwaze (above) in Joetsu mountains, four hours by train from Tokyo
 Streets of Yuwaze during winter weekend are colorful clutter of skis, skiers, and signs advertising restaurants, hotels





Skiers carrying magnesium flares cut zigzag paths down mountain, silhouetting crowds of onlookers in eerie blue light.



This night procession is climax of Yawazo winter fair, which also features snow sculptures like illuminated fort at right



Yuwaza ski slope in summer becomes a row of bright-green rice paddies. Tower in right foreground serves in winter as lower terminus of rope tow. Shack beside it is ticket booth. In background, climbing through evergreens, are towers of Yuwaza chair lift

T BARS, TEA AND GEISHAS

A unique ski culture produces a slalom ace

by EZRA BOWEN



CHIHARU IGAYA WHIPS THROUGH SLALOM

WHEN Chiharu Igaya, the young slalom expert shown at the top of this page, emerged from his homeland of Japan to become, as a Dartmouth college student, two-time U.S. national champion in his event, it was a surprise to many. Few people associate the Land of the Rising Sun with mountains, snow and ski slopes. Actually, as the color pictures on the preceding pages show, skiing is a major passion for more than eight million Japanese.

Like many of his countrymen, Igaya saw his first slope at the age of 2, when his mother strapped him onto her back, papoose-style, and skied off down the mountain. Also, like the vast majority of Japanese, he had no intention of becoming a racer. "But," he remembers, "in 1948, I won the first all-Japan meet and realized my position." From there he went on to 11th place in the 1952 Olympic slalom, then to Dartmouth and his U.S. slalom titles in 1953 and 1954.

As a racer, Igaya is something of a rarity in a nation of recreational skiers. And as a racer, his observations of skiing in Japan are quite different from those of a casual skier.

"Our mountains are low," he says, "so we can't develop very much in downhill skiing. But for the slalom, we Japanese have one big advantage: we have shorter bodies, and we can bend more easily and make tighter turns."

"But," he continued, "we are too far away from other skiing countries. When I was racing in international meets in the States, I noticed what an advantage it was to me to compete against the best Austrians. It encourages you. You race with them today and you are five seconds behind. But next time it may be only three, or two."

To the mass of Japanese, all this talk about races and cutting seconds is as foreign as the countries in which Igaya competes. They are more happy to potter around the dozens of resorts—with their rope tows, T bars and occasional chair lifts—pinpointed along the mountain ridges of the main Japanese island of Honshu.

Each weekend these skiers, already bundled up in their ski clothes, pour out of Tokyo and the other big cities aboard snow trains headed for the mountains. The confusion is wonderful. Each person is loaded down by a knapsack bulging with his food, extra gear and a camera slung around the neck. Skis and poles jut out from the baggage racks, joining overhead in a precarious arch that sags from overcoats and rucksacks.

If the train is heading for Yuwasa, the passengers endure

for four hours while the train winds into the hills and spirals through a pair of deep mountain tunnels. If headed for a more remote spot like Kusatsu, the ordeal of the train is extended three hours by a churning little bus. If bound for Akakura, or the Bandai-Asahi National Park where spring skiing goes on into July, the riders will sit or stand for 11 mortal hours to get one day on the mountain.

When the skiers are actually on the slopes, a Japanese resort is barely distinguishable from an American resort, except that everybody is a little shorter and no one has aluminum ski poles. Bamboo is the standard.

The real difference between American and Japanese ski culture, according to Igaya, is in after-ski activity.

"The Japanese people," he said, "enjoy mostly the skiing itself. They ski until dark, and then come in for a cup of green tea. There is a lot of chatting and not much action. We don't have much dancing. The geishas don't go to the snow."

According to the testimony of one American, just back from skiing in Japan, it could be deduced that Olympian Igaya just never went to the right snow. When this particular tourist came in from his day on the slopes, he found half the staff of his inn lined up to say good evening. A maid took his wet clothes, brought him a quilted kimono and gave him some slippers to wear inside the inn. He was then directed down a long corridor to a sulphur bath.

"The water was hot enough to boil a lobster," he recalled, "but snow was falling in through the loosely spaced shingles overhead. Offered the choice of boiling or freezing, I risked boiling. Actually, it was very relaxing."

His room was also a revelation—no furniture but straw mats and cushions. For heat, there was only a sand pit filled with glowing charcoal. A frame was fixed over the ebaretsu, and a heavy quilt over the frame. Facing this arrangement, the skier squats down cross-legged, pulls the loose end of the quilt around himself and eats his dinner of rice cakes, *sukiyaki*, or whatever, while the warmth of the fire flows around him.

Then he can slide between layers of immensely heavy quilts and lie down to sleep on the matted floor. Or he can remain awake. "Saturday nights at the inns," recalled the tourist, "are usually big party nights. There is plenty of warm sake around, and you see many geishas. In their bright kimonos and wooden sandals, hurrying through the snow-covered streets on the way to parties." **END**



ROSE BOWL

THE BLARNEY IN

A ROSE BOWL GAME, like a first-class war, is one which begins long before the opposing sides take the field against each other. This year's Rose Bowl game, for instance, began not in the center of the Arroyo Seco at 2 p.m. on January 2 but in early December at a football awards banquet in New York. The two rival coaches, Duffy Daugherty of Michigan State and Red Sanders of UCLA, were sitting near each other, separated by Oklahoma Coach Bud Wilkinson.

"Duffy," asked Sanders, "since we get the choice of the ball this year what kind of football would you like to use?" Wilkinson, overhearing, put in with a grin: "It's not going to make much difference to Duffy, he's not going to get to use it much anyway." Whereupon, Daugherty answered: "We're not going to need it much."

It was this quip which not only touched off the pregame war of nerves but also put the West Coast on notice that in Michigan State's Duffy Daugherty, a new type of visiting coach had hit the Rose Bowl. Accustomed to dour, cloak-and-dagger characters who behaved in Pasadena as though

they were abroad in a jungle full of Mau-Maus, West Coasters did not know at first what to make of Daugherty. He not only permitted hostile (*i.e.*, California) newspapermen in to his practice sessions—an unheard-of breach of security to the likes of Fritz Crisler of Michigan and Woody Hayes of Ohio State—but he even waved the public in and not only ran off his whole repertory of plays but even took the microphone in hand personally to explain them to the crowd.

This was a little like telling a man you were coming to rob his house and at what hour and by what entry, and it soon occurred to the West Coast chauvinists that Daugherty's tactics were a lot more unnerving than keeping the Coasters standing outside the practice field counting the flying teeth. Could, the Coast wondered, Michigan State be that good?

Daugherty not only gave in good-naturedly when dozens of invitations for everything from Disneyland to Witching-Hour Awards banquets were accepted by his team, he also held twice-daily press conferences that were studies in runaway optimism and he actually played a round of golf three days before the game, an almost supreme gesture of contempt as football preparations go. "Daugherty almost acts as though he considered this just a game," one observer marveled.

Daugherty's attitude not only began to affect Sanders, it began to infect his own press. The *Tulsa Blade's* Grove Patterson laid his ears all the way back on his head and snarled: "I am a football fan . . . and my blood pressure is already on the way up in contemplation when those soft Californians, trained on orange juice and pomegranates, will for the first quarter labor under the false delusion that they can beat the corn-fed, husky, rugged, cold-weather boys from East Lansing. California teams do fairly well in the first half but then they sag because they don't have what it takes. This is a soft country and it produces soft men."

These were fighting words worthy of a midseason Harvey Knox, but even Harvey had succumbed to the Daugherty brainwash and, with his famous football son Ronnie limping pitifully through UCLA practices, Harvey took to television on the eve of the game to confide dejectedly he expected Daugherty and Michigan State to triumph.

Most surprising of all was that Sanders himself began finally to run scared. Where the Michigan State Spartans whirled through a social schedule that would do credit to Elsa Maxwell, Sanders took to posting desperate notices on the blackboard like "Remember—between now and January 2—SLEEP is most important!"

Where Daugherty scarcely mentioned the fact that his first-string tackle and second-string halfback were out of the game, Sanders took to agonizing hourly over whether Ronnie Knox whose or would not be ready for play. And where Daugherty grinned at the fire-eating trumpeting of



VICTORY SMILE of Duffy Daugherty, master propagandist of Michigan State, whose team finally had to accept the victory.

PASADENA

by JAMES MURRAY

Oklahoma, Georgia Tech and Mississippi won their bowl games but Michigan State's apple-eating Irishman won a war of nerves which led to an assistant coach's sin

the *Toledo Blade* and allied sports experts, Sanders even took occasion for the first time to muzzle Harvey Knox in a closed-door conference. It was, perhaps, the most depressing note of all for UCLAns.

All in all Daugherty had played his propaganda cards with the deftness of an expert in the water-drop treatment so that by game time Sanders was all but shaking the bars and screaming to be let alone.

But it was not altogether Daugherty's unnerving confidence that pushed the West Coast to the threshold of despair. By pregame agreement UCLA was presented with two Michigan State films and State likewise with two UCLA films. They were almost as eloquent testifiers of Spartan skill as open practice sessions. "We're ready for our finest game," gloomed Sanders, "but that might not be enough. They might be too much for us this year. In fact, they might be the finest Michigan State team ever and the finest Big 10 team ever to come to the Rose Bowl." Since the currently accepted finest team ever to come to the Rose Bowl (Michigan) won 49-0, this kind of talk was evidence the propaganda barrage was having its effect.

Even the UCLA practice-field tactics seemed geared more to keeping the score down than running one up. Figuring to be outplayed, Sanders experimented with putting three receivers deep on fourth-down situations, hoping by runbacks to neutralize the on-the-fly advantage of the Spartans. Goal-line stands were almost daily rehearsal routines. "We figure we might be in a lot of them," confessed Sanders sadly.

Meanwhile, right up to game time, Duffy Daugherty sat in his Huntington-Sheraton Hotel press conferences and swished a bottle of beer around in his pudgy lineman's fingers. Wasn't he afraid he was betraying too much optimism? someone wanted to know. Daugherty shook his head: "I'm not an optimist—I'm a realist." Was he afraid Sam Brown might go all the way? Daugherty shook his head again. "Our boys have been knocked down lots of times but they always get up to make the tackles. And no man in the country with a football is going to run as fast as Walt Kowaczuk without one." Well, didn't he have any worries? Daugherty laughed delightedly. "Look," he compromised, "what good would it do me to get out the crying towel? I'm sure Red will come up with something. We know we're in for our toughest game. But we hope we have a great football team. . . ."

But in the last 55 seconds of the football game Duffy Daugherty, along with 101,000 other football filberts who were seeing it "live," lost his aplomb completely. What happened was still in some confusion for an hour after the game. But the bald truth was that it happened to Red Sanders and not to Daugherty.

Daugherty, munching an apple, appeared to have the game safely won, with a 14-7 lead and seven minutes to go. Sanders took a deep breath and sent Ronnie Knox into the

game. For a few plays Ronnie had as much trouble as the other UCLA backs, but suddenly he was wheeling out to the right and throwing a 47-yard pass to Jim Dreker on the seven-yard line. Knox and Peters crunched into the end zone and abruptly the score was tied 14-14. Daugherty had thrown his apple away and there were four minutes left to play.

By the time Michigan State had swept down the field to the UCLA 30 there was only a minute left to play. Michigan State's Gerry Planutis tried a field goal from the 30 and it wasn't even close, the ball slithering off to the right. The game appeared all over. But on the sidelines UCLA Assistant Coach Jim Myers was still full of fight. He began frantically to signal his team to try a pass. An official intercepted the signal, picked up the ball and paced off a penalty to the UCLA five-yard line. It was Ronnie Knox's turn to show he was still full of fight and he tried a hairbreadth running pass from his end zone. While the Bruin coaches fell backward in apoplectic agony Knox managed

continued on next page



CREASED BROW of Red Sanders, UCLA coach, whose team won itself a 14-14 tie and then refused to accept it graciously.

THE BOWL GAMES

continued from page 22

to get the ball away just before disappearing in a swarm of green jerseys. But the pass was incomplete and, moreover, on the technical ground that UCLA had an ineligible receiver downfield, the officials trotted the ball back to the one-yard line.

There were only 30 seconds to play when Knox punted the ball, a high soaring kick to Michigan State's Clarence Peaks. Peaks wisely signaled a fair catch, but UCLA's Hardaman Cureton bounced off him and the Bruins were penalized another 15 yards.

There were seven seconds left to play when Dave Kaiser's place kick from the 31-yard line made the score 17-14. Now Duffy Daugherty could smile and mean it. In the dressing

room afterward, a bitterly disappointed Red Sanders confessed that the key penalty was the fault of sideline coaching. Would he have been glad of a tie? someone asked. Red grinned wryly. "I sure would," he said. Which player gave him the most trouble? Red grimaced. "The guy who kicked the field goal."

In the Michigan State dressing room Daugherty had another apple and he was chewing it nervously as he accepted the congratulations of his athletic director Biggie Munn. "I guess you know now how Jack Fleck felt when he came through to win the Open, Duffy," someone offered. Daugherty grinned, then slipped back into his accustomed role of genial guest: "I just hope you all feel," he told the press, "that I would have been as gracious as Red Sanders if I had lost it." He almost sounded sorry to have missed the chance.

END



ORANGE BOWL

OKLAHOMA 20 MARYLAND 6

by JACK ROBERTS

THE SO-CALLED national football championship was getting to be a New Year's Day jinx until Oklahoma put an abrupt stop to such nonsense in the Orange Bowl last Monday. Only once since Texas A&M won in the Sugar Bowl in 1940 had the champ come through in a bowl game. However, the Sooners of Coach Bud Wilkinson, rated first in this year's final Associated Press standings, proved their priority at Miami by grinding out a 20-6 victory over Maryland, which ranked third.

For students of the ABCs of football, this Orange Bowl game was a required textbook. Oklahoma and Maryland, two of the split-T's most polished models, cranked through each other's lines for short gains, accomplishing their purposes with brawn and precision instead of guile. It was a reminder that with something like 80% of the college teams now using this type of offense, football is reverting to the low-scoring game it was before Clark Shaughnessy introduced the T at Stanford in 1940.

In the case of these Maryland and Oklahoma teams, the edge was with the quicker, tougher linemen. During the early part of the game Maryland had this advantage and built a 6-0 lead by half time. Yet there was only one exciting explosion—when Maryland Halfback Ed Vereb skittered through a hole in the right side at his own 24-yard line, cut sharply to the left and ran untouched until he was caught just 10 yards from a touchdown. Even then, Maryland fumbled before it could score.

A few minutes later Maryland plod-

ded to the Oklahoma 15-yard line. Vereb, unable to pass, simply tucked the ball under his arm and scampered to the corner of the field for a touchdown. The conversion was blocked, and that, as far as excitement went, was the first half.

Oklahoma returned to the field in the second half with the dash and poise that had earned Wilkinson's teams to 29 consecutive victories in three years. Two complete teams, performing like stamped replicas, shuttled in and out of the game. The first team got the ball first when Tommy McDonald returned a Maryland punt past midfield. Seven crunching plays later they had their touchdown and converted it to lead

7-6. Less than five minutes later the second team took the ball at midfield and duplicated the performance. Now needing two touchdowns to win, Maryland tried passing, but these split-T teams don't pass too well (Oklahoma completed four of 10, Maryland three of 10), and the Sooners intercepted whenever a serious threat developed. Halfback Carl Dodd earned the second of these interceptions 82 yards for Oklahoma's third score.

The major difference in these two precisely drilled teams showed when the slightly smaller but quicker moving Oklahoma linemen found their timing. Maryland Coach Jim Tatum, who felt he had been out-substituted by Wilkinson in losing their 1954 Orange Bowl game, this time followed the Sooner lead in alternating his teams, but it made no difference. Oklahoma, huddling only briefly, then sprinting to position and snapping the ball with almost no hesitation, kept the defense on its heels. They also used their favorite pitchout pass, as diagrammed in SI's Scouting Report, just enough to keep the Maryland defense from gang-ing up. In fact, that play set up the team's first score when McDonald threw to Bob Burris for 19 yards.

After it was over, Wilkinson summed up his happiness with a coach's perfect tribute: "We played the way we have wanted to play all season."

Maryland's Tatum agreed: "They were better in every department. Oklahoma is definitely the best football team in the country."

END



WINNING REDE CHEERS COACH WILKINSON



GA. TECH 7
PITT 0

BY LEE GRIGGS

THE TRADITIONAL BUILDUP of Sugar Bowl excitement began the day after Christmas with the arrival of the Pitt squad. Over all the folderol of greetings and parties loomed the figure of a dark-skinned young reserve Pitt fullback from Massillon, O. named Bob Grier, first Negro ever to play in a Sugar Bowl football game. Made a *cause célèbre* by the earlier racist ravings of Georgia Governor Marvin Griffin, Grier came to New Orleans amid trumpeting by Pitt officials and Sugar Bowl big shots that he would be treated just like a white boy.

While the Georgia Tech team quartered at the downtown St. Charles Hotel, the Pitt squad forsook its Hotel Roosevelt headquarters to stay in dormitories on the Tulane campus. Georgia Tech players were given a free hand to do what they wanted downtown—even tour the French Quarter joints—but Pitt stayed in seclusion. Said young Bob Grier earnestly: "I hope I don't cause any trouble." As it turned out, Pitt's trouble on Sugar Bowl day came addressed to Grier in person. After Tech recovered a Pitt fumble in the opening minutes of the game, Quarterback Wade Mitchell lofted a high pass to End Don Ellis in the end zone. Pitt's Grier, not noted for defensive finesse, got so inextricably tangled up with Ellis that interference was called and Georgia Tech took over on the Pitt one-yard line. Mitchell pushed it over two plays later, and a moment after that the score was 7-0, so to remain for the rest of the day. Quarterback Mitchell ("tremendous defensive man"—SI, Dec. 26) added to his laurels by making a succession of saving tackles, four of them in a row within his own 10-yard line, to stop a crunching Pitt attack.



WADE MITCHELL OF TECH

In general, at every crucial moment Tech was equal to the task. The Georgians forced four fumbles and recovered two. They held magnificently on their one-foot line to stop a 79-yard drive, and the light but agile Tech line rushed Pitt passers so hard whenever the Panthers threatened thereafter that the throws were seldom accurate. The game followed the classic Bobby Dodd formula, with Tech giving ground freely at midfield but unbeatable in the shadow of its own goal. It was unspectacular but a brutally bruising game.

Pitt put the ball in play 71 times to only 46 for Georgia Tech and rolled up a fearsome statistical advantage: 19 first downs to 10, and 313 net yards gained to 142. But as usual Tech had the vital point advantage when it ended. Dodd's teams have a habit of doing it that way.

After the game Coach Johnny Michelosen of Pitt was "pleased" with his team. Bobby Dodd was "proud" of his. It was as it should be.

END



OLE MISS 14
TCU 13

BY TEX MAULE

BUMPER TO BUMPER they came, their headlights cutting through the prairie night and converging, like the spokes of a giant wheel, on Dallas. Thirty thousand were in town by Saturday, 45,000 by Monday. From Wichita, Little Rock and Vicksburg, from Tulsa, Amarillo and Albuquerque, they drove, rode and flew.

When Jim Swink loped out onto the Bermuda grass turf with his TCU teammates and Eagle Day pitched his first practice pass for Mississippi there was scarcely a soul in the Cotton Bowl who begrudged Oklahoma and Maryland to Miami or UCLA and Michigan State to Pasadena. Swink, who scored 20 touchdowns during the season, and Day, the South's finest practitioner of the split-T run-pass option, were indeed the stars of the game. But the key figure in Ole Miss's upset 14-13 victory was a tall, gangling young man named Chuck Curtis who spent most of the afternoon in a Dallas hospital.

Before the game TCU Coach Abe Martin told Curtis, the team's only good passer, not to attempt to run the opening kickoff back under any circumstances. "If you catch it, throw it back to Swink," Martin said. But Curtis caught the opening kickoff, thought he saw daylight ahead, and ran anyway. Driven down under a three-man Mississippi tackle, Curtis was carried off with a bruised right shoulder and two broken ribs—and with him went TCU's passing game.

Dick Finney, a sub quarterback who had never run a down with the TCU first string, came in and did a fine job. But with Curtis gone, Ole Miss could afford to mass its defense and it was too tough an obstacle for even Swink to get around.

The burr-headed halfback managed to race for 167 yards in 19 carries and scored both of TCU's touchdowns. But TCU Fullback Harold Pollard had bad luck on his second conversion. A penalty nullified the kick which would have made it 14-0 and, on a second try from the seven, Pollard missed.

Day was the heart and soul of the Ole Miss attack. He showed he could run but, as SI pointed out in its Cotton Bowl Scouting Report (SI, Dec. 26), he would much rather throw. During the afternoon he completed 10 of 21 attempts for 137 yards, and two long passes set up the first touchdowns. Fullback Paige Cothren scored from the two and then kicked the point. The Rebels came back again to win with less than 4½ minutes left in the game. Day set up the touchdown late in the fourth quarter with a 24-yard run down the middle and sub halfback Billy Lott scored from the five. Cothren again kicked the point and Ole Miss won 14-13.

END

VISITORS FROM FAR AWAY

The two most striking group portraits in the U.S. last week came from an Arkansas reservoir where thousands of ducks heeded the herd instinct and a California living room where a hunter posed with a taxidermical herd collected over a 40-year career





George F. Vos

THOUSANDS OF DUCKS quack safely and contentedly at the end of their southward flight on the waters of W. H. Claypool's reservoir near Weiner, Arkansas. The reservoir is used as a duck-rest area, and only limited hunting is permitted in the surrounding countryside. George Purvis of the state game and fish commission estimates 500,000 ducks are in the area at present.

STUFFED TROPHIES, each one representing a separate trip into the wild, line the Los Angeles living room of John Quincy Adams (right), a great-grand-son of the sixth U.S. President. Also present are Mrs. Adams, who accompanies her husband on his expeditions and dusts the trophies daily, and Victor Morgan, who served 18 years as the Adamses' guide in Alaska.



Rare horse owned by Baptiste (Barrault) informs his new owner that he is not feeling too sharp



Baptiste regretfully agrees to give the horse a shot so he will be able to win steeplechase

HORSEPLAY IN PARIS

As a man turned horse, Baptiste next tries to use his talents in an act for the circus



To the astonishment of the circus rider, Baptiste keeps up with horse news by reading "Paris Taxi"





*The pepped-up horse breaks a leg and dies in the race
and his ghost comes to haunt remorseful Baptiste*



*Turned into a horse through remorse,
Baptiste finds he is useless on stud farm*

The current rage of the French stage is a new pantomime starring Jean-Louis Barrault. In the production, which is scheduled for the U.S. next fall, Barrault plays the part of Baptiste,

owner of a steeplechaser which breaks a leg in a race and has to be destroyed. Baptiste, stricken with remorse, turns into a horse which has to undergo many trials before the happy ending.

Years later aging Baptiste is pulling a hark in front of a station when his parents find him





EDWARD R. MURROW DISCUSSES HUNTING WITH RETIRED PUBLISHER JOHN STERLING



STARTLED ARCHITECT Dan Higgins is caught off guard momentarily as dog suddenly

WONDERFUL WORLD *continues*

PERSON TO PERSON

JIM FINIGAN, star infielder for the Kansas City Athletics, stands at the altar with his laughing bride, the former

Peggy Rueson, after their wedding at Visitation Catholic Church in Kansas City. Soon after they left on a Florida honeymoon





flushes pheasant. A second later he recovered, took aim, shot pheasant.



PERSON TO GOO is theme as Murrow bends down to get duck retrieved by pointer. The ducks shot by Murrow were released from other side of mountain almost mile away from blinds.

One of the most exciting moments in the chase occurs when the sportsman catches his quarry. While Edward R. Murrow and his friends went hunting at the Dutchess Valley (N.Y.) Club (above), other sportsmen were putting an end to their chase in church

JOE LOUIS, former heavyweight champ, and bride, Benutician Rose Morgan, cut cake after a Christmas wedding in New York.



ENOS SLAUGHTER, Kansas City outfielder, walks down aisle with fifth bride, Helen Spiker, in wedding at Cumberland, Md.



CONVERSATION PIECE:

SUBJECT: HARVEY SCHUR

by **RICHARD GEHMAN**

Already a big game hunter at 15, a Scarsdale, N.Y. boy fulfills

his fondest dream: an African safari. The result is a houseful

of trophies and some unusual problems for his doting parents

STANDING before a desk in his New York garment district office, Benjamin Schur daily wages his button-manufacturing business with his two fists, a telephone in each. The button game is fiercely competitive, but Schur enjoys it; he bellows into each phone all day long in high good humor. But when he closes his office door each afternoon, he locks in his business. An hour away, in his pink stucco house in Scarsdale, the hard-driving button king becomes a fond, relaxed family man, albeit—in recent weeks—a slightly bewildered one. "I wonder where we'll put all the trophies," is one of Benjamin Schur's most frequent sayings these days.

The reference is to the beads and hides brought home from a two-and-a-half-month safari in Africa last summer—not by Mr. Schur himself, but by his son and male heir Harvey, 15, a student at Scarsdale High, who traveled all the 5,900 miles alone, hunted on the plains of Angola with professional most killers and returned triumphantly to Scarsdale with tales of adventure that would make a small volume by some present-day Henty.

"That Harvey," said Benjamin Schur affectionately, "for him, there's nothing but hunting, fishing, fishing and hunting. The wide open spaces, the wider the better. You know where he is this afternoon? He's in New York now, at a movie on Africa."

"It's his life," said Mrs. Schur, sitting on a coral-pink sofa off to one side, a little behind her husband. "Believe me, you can't get him interested in anything else. All he wants to do is hunt and fish—and is he determined!"

"I never killed an animal myself," Benjamin Schur said, "because I never saw one. I'm no hunter. But Harvey, it must be in his blood. In 1947, when he's 6—"

"Seven," said Mrs. Schur.

"Whatever he was, a friend of mine and I, we took him along deer hunting



NONHUNTING FATHER Benjamin M. Schur examines son's favorite elephant gun.

in Sullivan County. What happens? We're tired. We go back to the cabin and lie down. Harvey, he's still walkin' around all over the place."

"Don't forget Frank Kesicke," said Mrs. Schur.

"I'm not forgetting Frank Kesicke," Benjamin Schur said, inclining his head toward his prompter. "This Frank Kesicke, he's a retired police captain; he's got a farm near Rhinebeck, New York. He's a good friend of mine. I used to let Harvey go up there weekends

by himself up 'til he was about 11. Frank taught him to shoot, handle guns, take care of himself, like, out in the woods. He said to me, 'Ben, the kid's got a natural marksman's eye.' I said, 'How much does that mean he's got in the bank?'" Benjamin Schur winked and lighted one of the Portuguese cigars Harvey had brought him from Angola. "When he was 11—"

"Twelve."

"Twelve, then. We let him go up to a camp in Maine deer hunting on his Thanksgiving vacation off from school."

"So he got his first deer up there. You never saw such a proud kid."

Mrs. Schur remarked that she had been worried about the trip.

"Worried," said her husband. "I said, 'What's to worry about? He's going to make his bar mitzvah, isn't he? He's coming into manhood. Rita,' I said, 'don't worry. Let him go.'"

"As soon as he was back with the deer," said Benjamin Schur, "he got the Kodiak bear bug."

"It was the magazines," his wife interjected.

"The magazines," the father agreed. "He saw an ad, and he started pestering me to let him go up to Kodiak Island. I thought, why shouldn't he have the fun? I worked hard when I was a kid."

"So he went all the way up to Terror Bay, by himself. When they saw he was a boy, they didn't want him to go out. But they saw the way he handled a gun, and they said O.K."

"Also," said the mother, attempting an impersonal observation which did

continued on page 51

HARVEY SCHUR ON SAFARI POSES WITH THE HEAD OF A 100-POUND WARTHOG HE KILLED





Evenings on shipboard, or out on the town. The Italian influence in this appealing two-eyelid, tassel-type shoe. Also in Cherry Tone and White Suede Kid, all-over Black, and all-over Beaver Brown.



sunshine or

Crosby Squares
fit January weather... no matter where you are or what the occasion



A cool, redefined shoe for Palm Beach or Palm Springs. Nylon Mesh and Hopsa Suede. Also in Black and Teak.



Long ago, Crosby Square craftsmen painstakingly adapted a sturdy, comfortable Scottish brogue, designed for walking on the moors, into an American shoe for a similar purpose. It was the first in a succession of famous Crosby Square shoes, designed with distinction, for an occasion.

At no time in the quality history of Crosby Square, has its policy of "shoes for the occasion" been more apt than the present day. Today, with air travel shrinking the globe so that a man's working day may take him to the American tropics for luncheon, and back to Manhattan's skyscrapers for dinner—his shoe wardrobe must



... or perhaps New Orleans in February for the Mardi Gras. An all-purpose slip-on of midnight black with all-shocking Burgundy evening. Also in other silk-showering hues.





A fine Cedar Grain oxford for either office or winter dress. Also in Black, and Black and White.



snowflakes!

necessarily include fashions, not only for all occasions, but for all types of weather, as well.

And so the compact selection on these pages—suitable for wear from the famed watering places of the south to the business offices and winter resorts in the north—Crosby Square keeps you in step—fashion-wise. For Crosby Square is a step ahead of the times in recognizing that one man's June is another man's January. And, contrary to Kipling's oft-quoted statement, the twins do meet in this day and age.

Sunshine or snowflakes, June or January—there's a Crosby Square for you. In fine stores and shops everywhere. For the name of your nearest dealer, write the House of Crosby Square, Division of McKees Shoe Company, Milwaukee 12, Wisconsin.

Prices range from \$10.95 to \$15.95.



For dress after dark in northern climes, choose this Mark pattern slip-on. Chrome trim. Work. Removable tassel. A touch of conservative elegance in footwear.



Like Placid on Sun Valley—for winter-time's leisure hours, the Crosby Square Milano. Subtly influenced by the Italian trend—a smooth, soft, moccasin-type, round slip-on. Also Town Brown and Cherry Tone.



Just like Dad's?—of course! For Crosby Square's Man of Tomorrow what could be more fitting than Crosby Square Juniors—and in all of father's styles. Sizes 3 to 9, for boys and big boys. \$7.95 to \$9.95.





Great Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

Persian Polo

Polo originated long ago in the royal courts of the Orient. As far back as the fifth century B.C. the kings of ancient Iran played it, and Persian art has recorded its old and honorable history through the centuries. In this decorative and colorful 16th century miniature a prince and his friends engage in lively contest on a field marked with blue goal posts while musicians on a nearby hill lend a gala air to the sporting scene.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

C—clear water, SH—slightly high, FG—fishing good, FF—fishing fair, FP—fishing poor; OG—outlook good, OF—outlook fair, OVG—outlook very good

BLUEFISH: CALIFORNIA. They're swarming around the oil rigs off Grand Isle, and OVG through January.

FLORIDA: Blues in 1- to 2-pound class are abundant in Gulf off Panama and are feeling enthusiastic on No. 2 spoons (tried at medium speed) OG through next week.

STEELHEAD TROUT: CALIFORNIA. North coastal streams high and steadily but dropping and should be fishable by Jan. 15 except for fast lower Klamath. Trinity and Russian rivers, where you can catch SF Feb. 28, OF 4 for upper Klamath. Gualala, Clearwater and upper Sacramento by Jan. 10 if no major storm possible. 150,000 adult steelhead lost at Cedar Creek Station in Mendocino County through flood action, but spy says no permanent damage to spawning grounds except in Trinity River watershed.

TRINITY: As coastal streams fall, steelhead improves, thanks to cold weather that prevented fast runoff in most major streams along coast. OF G for Northern Trask, Whelan and Nesque, on north western; Scott, Elk, Illinois and Clifton in south. Rogue River still high but falling and clearing may have good fishing now. Smaller streams along coast still with fish, and light-tackle anglers has no field day with fly rods and single-fly. In general, if dry, but ground is saturated at present time, and one more big storm could foul up fishing in all coastal streams.

MAGNET: Cold weather all last week brought most streams to fishable condition and OVG if no rain in last few days. Best bets are Georgia upper Coosa near Parkman, Okmulgee, Neely, Stoggs, Green around Planning Grove and Payrollan rivers, best trout fish Feb. 22, pike from Green River, 20 pounds from Humptreys, rivers, ladders, etc. and hot rod species are located here, and OKLA. sculpin permitting. Top-species hot pot hole in north fork of Northfork River, 1 lb. with champagne from Kenedy hatchery.

SHUTTER CALIFORNIA: Sharp turn just before Christmas period has ruled smaller streams but colder weather has restored most of the best fishing outfitting. Best bets are Deschutes, Comanche and Volcan rivers, and OVG VG is general through next fortnight.

PERCH: FLORIDA. Crappie speckled perch burst out all over central Florida last week, and hordes (25) are the rule in Lake Panuoffles near Bushnell and Little Harris at Haines.

NEW YORK: FG through 1 to 3 miles of north Lake Champlain, especially off Victoria and Champlain, and OG if cold continues.

STRIPED BASS: SOUTH CAROLINA. Tied for knits and drop-running wobbles producing as far from Santee Dam on upper Santee-Crook Lake; cut shut on bottom and deep-water wobbles, rather than produce strips, averaging 10 pounds from lower lake and the diversion canal, OF.

CALIFORNIA: No permanent flood damage to Delta fishery, saysoy, but OF through Jan. 15.

NEW JERSEY: ML Dec. 31 after last winter season in many years, as fish move into wintering grounds in Mullica, Tonaw and Great Egg Harbor rivers, Barnegat Bay and other waters where they are now protected against netting and snatching, NO March 1.

PICKEREL: FLORIDA. State's Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission trying to restore lake's eastern chain pickerel, so that bass anglers can diversify; the species is common in many lakes and rivers where wood beds provide food and shelter.

IT SMELLS GRAND



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IT SMOKES SWEET



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MAGNET

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Leonard Kratzer
Beverly Hills, Calif.



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The general stock you see here is none other than Freddy Phantom, the happy fisherman of Phantoms, Inc.

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THEY WON'T BE

Humorist Smith, a lover of baseball records, collects

THE boys who compile the record books for the baseball season of 1955 have just about done their work (see box). Already there have been a few more complaints from people who believe that the business of statistics in baseball is being overdone—that the radiant beauty of the game is being obliterated by a tidal wave of digits and decimal points.

I take a somewhat opposite view

and charge that the statistics are not complete—that they don't give us an accurate summary of the baseball season. Many times during the past summer I have personally observed new records established, or I have heard about them, and I know they will not be included among the official statistics. Certain spectators as well as certain players turned in performances worthy of historical recognition, and

to me they are fully as important as the switch-hitter who got the most singles off left-handed pitchers in the three middle innings of an American League game while having his wrist taped.

Following are a few of these record-shattering performances:

Ed Oler, Chicago pitcher. With nobody out in the top of the first inning, Oler walked the first two men to face him. His catcher, Ears Eakin, called time and trotted to the mound. Eakin began to talk soothingly to the pitcher, intent upon steadying him. But Oler interrupted him, saying, "Listen. You git on back behine the plate and mine yer own dam business. You do the ketchin' and I'll do the pitchin'."

Benjamin Barstow, Washington fan. He was seated in the lower stands off first base when a high foul ball came arching downward. All around him men and boys shrieked and leaped in the air and tore each other's clothing. Mr. Barstow sat with arms folded, staring straight ahead. Amid all the banging and scrambling and screeching he was heard to say: "Who wants a dern baseball?"

Virgil Brinks, umpire. He was back of the plate in a Cleveland game when Gig Werly came to bat. The count went to 3 and 2. On the next pitch Werly didn't move and Brinks called "Strike three!" Werly immediately began kicking the dirt, beating the ground with his hat and uttering swear words. Whereupon Umpire Brinks said: "O.K., O.K. Keep your shirt on. If you thought it was a ball, it was a ball. Go on and take your base."

Jack Cochise, Pittsburgh outfielder. In the clubhouse before a game with Cincinnati he quietly removed the insignia PIRATES from the front of his uniform shirt and played three and a half innings before anyone noticed the discrepancy. When his manager demanded an explanation, Cochise said: "I druther not be identified with this club."

AWARDS OF THE YEAR

MOST VALUABLE PLAYER, AL	Yogi Berra	BWAA poll*
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER, NL	Roy Campanella	BWAA poll
ROOKIE OF THE YEAR, AL	Herb Score	Sporting News poll and BWAA poll
ROOKIE OF THE YEAR, NL	Bill Virdon	Sporting News poll and BWAA poll
SOPHOMORE OF THE YEAR, AL	Al Kaline	A.P. poll of BWAA
SOPHOMORE OF THE YEAR, NL	Ernie Banks	A.P. poll of BWAA
MANAGER OF THE YEAR, AL	Mike Higgins	A.P. poll of BWAA
MANAGER OF THE YEAR, NL	Walter Alston	A.P. poll of BWAA
OUTSTANDING PLAYER, AL	Al Kaline	Sporting News poll
OUTSTANDING PLAYER, NL	Duke Snider	Sporting News poll
OUTSTANDING PITCHER, AL	Whiskey Ford	Sporting News poll
OUTSTANDING PITCHER, NL	Robin Roberts	Sporting News poll
COMEBACK OF THE YEAR	Roy Campanella	A.P. poll of BWAA
MAN OF THE YEAR	Johnny Podres	SPORTS ILLUSTRATED award

PERFORMANCES OF THE YEAR

SLUGGER OF THE YEAR	Willie Mays
BATTING CHAMPION	Al Kaline
HOME RUN CHAMPION	Willie Mays
RUNS-BATTED-IN CHAMPION	Duke Snider
PINCH HITTER OF THE YEAR	Elmer Valo
GRAND SLAM HOME RUN CHAMPION	Ernie Banks
LOWEST EARNED RUN AVERAGE	Billy Pierce
LEADING STRIKEOUT PITCHER	Herb Score
LEADING PERCENTAGE PITCHER	Don Newcombe

* BASEBALL WRITERS' ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

THE CREAM OF 1955's performances, the bona fide achievements above are only the beginning of some statisticians' lists which are carried to absurd lengths.

FORGOTTEN

by H. ALLEN SMITH

some memorable performances you may have missed

Cecil Dugdale of England. Visiting in New York he was escorted to a ball game by a sportswriter who envisioned a hilarious account of the Englishman's reaction. In the first inning Mr. Dugdale said nothing until Rosen hit a ground ball to short. Then the Britisher spoke: "That would have been a sure double-play ball if the Scooter had been playing two and a half feet to his right."

Fog Burkhitt, Milwaukee relief pitcher. He refused throughout the season ever to warm up in the bull pen, contending stubbornly that "it wears out my strength."

Peky Vaccaroni, New York fan. He attended a game between the Giants and the Cardinals in which Jim Hearn was the Giant pitcher. In the top of the first inning Hearn's first pitch was hit to third base and the runner was thrown out. Exclaimed Mr. Vaccaroni: "Shees! Hearn's got a no-hitter goin'!"

Bud Hayden, first baseman. Walking through the lobby of a hotel in Cleveland, he spied a hairpin lying in full view on the carpet. Instead of leaping for it, he simply turned to his companion and said: "Ain't women slovenly?"

Fig McKeight, center fielder. He called time and ran all the way into the dug-out. The TV announcer said he was after his sunglasses. It developed later, however, that he had come in to complain to his manager as follows: "They's too much peat moss in that turf out yonder."

Vincent Pappert, Brooklyn fan. When one of the Brooklyn players was knocked unconscious sliding home, he was the only person among the 18,585 spectators who refused to commiserate with the fallen Dodger, saying: "He ast to play baseball, didn't?"

Pesty Ransen, outfielder. He refused to go to bat without wearing his wrist-watch, claiming that whenever he took it off "it throws me off balance."

Donald Weatherman, St. Louis fan. He was hit on the head by a home-run ball from the bat of Stan Musial. When he regained consciousness the

club management offered to give him the ball that struck him, autographed by Musial. He declined the honor, saying: "No thanks, I'd prefer to have it autographed by William Faulkner."

Peky Susskind, shortstop. He consistently encouraged his teammates by slapping them on the shoulder instead of on the posterior. Asked by reporters why he didn't pat lower, the way everyone else did, he said, somewhat archly: "They won't leave me do it to ladies on the train so I'll be danged if I'll do it on the field."

Those are but a few examples of what I have in mind. Are such sterling performances to go unrecorded? I propose that in the future the annual record book carry a fat appendix setting forth all these special achievements in baseball, achievements which are beyond the province of the cool-blooded statisticians. They should be passed along to posterity, so that posterity won't grow up believing that our national pastime was nothing more than a great big wonderful game of arithmetic. **END**





THE TOURNAMENTS AND THE MAN WHO

Not all the best college basketball players or teams were at Madison Square Garden. But the Holiday Festival had one thing no other tournament could claim: Bill Russell

by ROY TERRELL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EV PERKIN

Possibly the most important fundamental in the training of a basketball team is in goal shooting, for the winning of a game depends on this. Goal shooting is to basketball what putting is to golf.—Adolph Rupp, CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL.

VIRTUALLY NO ONE with even the most rudimentary knowledge of the game of basketball is prepared to argue this point with Kentucky's Coach Rupp. Basketball is a shooting game and the requirement for victory is an ability to shoot more goals and score more points than the other team. Yet for almost a year college basketball has been dominated as never before by a man who, basically, cannot shoot. His name is Bill Russell and if he ever learns to hit the basket someone is going to have to revise the rules.

From the moment, as an almost unknown junior, Russell began to lead the University of San Francisco into national prominence last season, people have been writing and talking about this amazing spring bean and his phenomenal feats. From the West Coast the word filtered across the mountains early last year that here was a basketball "find," one of the real giants of the game; by March, when the Dons beat Tom Gola and La Salle for the NCAA championship at Kansas City, Bill Russell was accepted nearly everywhere as the best college basketball player in the nation.

There remained, however, a hard core of nonbelievers; or, if not nonbelievers, at least a group willing to be convinced but determined to first see with their own eyes and then pass judgment for themselves: the aficionados of Madison Square Garden who, through the years, have watched men like Luisetti and Mikan and Cousy and Macauley and Gola perform their magic and are seldom convinced by mere words alone. So last week, as Coach Phil Woolpert of San Francisco brought the nation's No. 1 team—and No. 1 player—into New York for the annual Holiday Festival Tournament, the crowds packed the big sports arena from the sidelines to the ceiling (once

continued on next page



UPSTRETCHED HAND of Bill Russell is wall of flesh that stops shot of great Tom Heinsohn of Holy Cross.

WILD SHOT of teammate is grabbed by Russell and rammed down into basket for two points.

THE TOURNAMENTS...

continued from page 29

equating the maximum attendance figure of 18,500) to see for themselves.

At first they greeted Russell with a stubborn silence. Then, when he failed to shoot like a Carl Braun or dribble like a Bob Cousy or feed like a Dick McGuire, their silence changed to hoots and jeers for this big shuffling man who was so evidently not the complete basketball player. On offense he ambled lazily to a spot near the free-throw lane, almost reluctantly took passes from his teammates and quickly shoved the ball away to someone else. And finally, when his guard strayed away to ponder from a distance the incongruity of this All-America who wouldn't shoot, Russell did begin to shoot from a distance of a dozen feet—and missed badly, not once, not twice, but three straight times, easy little shots that any good basketball player could sink with his eyes shut tight. What then, asked the crowd, *was he do?*

Russell showed them—and convinced them there are other skills to the game of basketball than dribbling or passing or even shooting. As the tournament progressed and San Francisco moved steadily ahead into the finals, the looks of doubt and derision changed into looks of incredulity and awe. For the things which Russell can do he does superlatively well, perhaps better than anyone in college basketball has ever done them before. All the words they had read had not really prepared the crowd for Bill Russell.

Physically he is 6 feet 10 inches tall, has such amazing spring that he high jumps over 6 feet 7 without undue exertion (or soars so high after a rebound his head is above the basket) and has the speed to run the quarter-mile in 49.6 seconds (or cover a court like a late-evening shadow). His arms are tremendously long, even for a man of such height, and attached thereto are hands which curl around a basketball rather as a small boy grasps a large apple. Moreover, he has the reactions of a featherweight fighter—quickness and timing—and great competitive spirit beneath an almost phlegmatic exterior.

But these are only words, too, and to the basketball fan who must see for himself they mean next to nothing. What the Garden crowds saw was a player who could drop off his man on one side of the court, take two immense strides and shoot into the air like a rocket to block a shot thrown up by an opposing forward flashing in unguarded from the opposite side of

the court. They saw a player who could come down with 62 rebounds against magnificent athletes like 6-foot 7-inch Tom Heinsohn of Holy Cross and 6-foot 5-inch Willie Naulls of UCLA. A player who went up, time and again, to pluck a wild shot by a teammate from the backboard and cram it down through the basket while friend and foe alike watched helplessly far below. A player who (although he couldn't hit from outside) was deadly on soft little hook shots right under the basket; who made it the height of absurdity for an opponent to try to pass through the middle area he was guarding; who batted so many seemingly sure shots away from the basket it was discouraging (and psychologically unnerving) to anyone with his hand on the ball and a goal-shooting gleam in his eye.

Without Russell, San Francisco's 33-game victory streak would never have survived the first round of the Garden tournament. The Dons trailed La Salle until the big fellow began to wage a one-man war under the basket, finally emerging with 22 rebounds, 26 points and a fistful of blocked shots to his credit. San Francisco won 79-62. Against Holy Cross in the semifinals Russell outplayed Heinsohn in one of the stirring man-to-man duels of Garden basketball history. In the opener against Syracuse, Heinsohn had scored 36 points; Russell stopped him with 12 (all on long shots from outside), scored 24 himself, had 22 rebounds and batted away half a dozen shots. San Francisco won 67-51.

In the finals, a backyard California brawl transported 3,000 miles for the occasion, his teammates virtually gave Russell a night off in appreciation of earlier efforts in their behalf. K. C. Jones and the rest of the San Francisco

lineup ran rings around UCLA, out-shot the Bruins, out-rebounded them, forced them into errors with a defense so tight it was frustrating and won by 70-53. Russell, under no pressure to come through with another big performance, took things easy. Even so he seized 18 rebounds, scored 17 points and earned an overwhelming vote as the tournament's outstanding player over such competition as Heinsohn, Naulls and Duquesne's Shugie Green, an All-America who tied the tournament record with 39 points against Fordham.

The Garden tournament was really Bill Russell's show.

Dixie Classic. Raleigh, N.C., is the hub of an area which natives believe to be the most formidable basketball locality in the world. Last week, to prove it, they sent out North Carolina State, North Carolina, Duke and Wake Forest, all located within a 15-mile radius, to challenge four outsiders in the seventh annual Dixie Classic. State (ranked No. 3 nationally) was unheated; so were North Carolina (No. 4) and Duke (No. 8). The first round gave North Carolinians immediate joy: the invaders from Villanova, Minnesota, Oregon State and Wyoming all lost. Then North Carolina came from 16 points behind to defeat Duke in one semifinal 74-64 and State beat Wake Forest 70-58 in the other. In the final, a match which the Southland has been looking forward to all year, North Carolina State beat North Carolina 82-60 and won its sixth Dixie Classic championship. Lennie Rosenbluth of North Carolina, who scored 35 points in the opener against Villanova, wound up with 73 in three games for the tournament's high-scoring prize. But Ron Shavlik, State's All-America candidate, scored 50 and rebounded magnificently to win the most-valuable-player award.

Sugar Bowl. Just to make a fourth—and because Notre Dame had won the tournament last year and really couldn't be ignored—the Sugar Bowl invited the supposedly weak Irish to round out a field including strong Utah, Alabama and Marquette. But the tournament's soft touch turned out to be otherwise and Notre Dame wound up champion again. The Irish startled six-point favorite Alabama in the first round with an 86-80 victory. Big Lloyd Aubrey scored 35 points for Notre Dame and his teammate John Smyth threw in 21. Meanwhile Utah was beating Marquette 89-84 and setting a tournament scoring record on the way. But the next night the Utes lost their All-

BASKETBALL'S TOP TEN

(Yards of the Associated Press wirecast poll)
Team standings this week (first-place votes in parentheses)

	Points
1—San Francisco (22)	1,452
2—North Carolina State (22)	1,358
3—Duke (14)	1,067
4—Vanderbilt	634
5—North Carolina	554
6—Kentucky	434
7—George Washington	436
8—Iowa State	325
9—Illinois	262
10—Ohio State	256

RUNNERS-UP: 11, Duke 241; 12, Memphis State (40 228); 13, Indiana 189; 14, Holy Cross 170; 15, Tulane 168.

America candidate, Art Bunte, on fouls after a few minutes of the second half and went down before Notre Dame 70-85 in the finals. Smyth scored 27 points this time and was named the most valuable player.

Motor City. There was no collapse of form at Detroit. Terrible Terry Tehs, Brigham Young's 5-foot-8 guard, scored a record 35 points as the Cougars beat Toledo 89-70 in the opener, and added 31 more in the finals when Brigham Young beat Detroit 99-77.

Orange Bowl. West Virginia came up with a new formula (more team play and less dependence on the individual brilliance of high-scoring Hot Rod Hundley) and ran off with the tournament. The Southern Conference invaders beat Miami in the finals 83-78 after disposing of Florida State and Columbia along the way. Hundley was held to 47 points in the three games and had to take a back seat to both Chet Forte, Columbia's great little guard, and sharpshooting Dick Miami of Miami. Miami scored 25, 35 and 22 points for tournament scoring honors, Forte, who had game totals of 30, 34 and 14 to complement his slick floor work, was named most valuable player.

Southwest Conference. This year's tournament at Houston was notable for three things: Rice lost its undefeated record; the Southwest Conference proved it could indeed play more-than-adequate basketball by inviting in a good outsider and then laboring the guest not once but twice; and Temple Tucker, the 6-foot-10 Rice sophomore, proved to be just as good as they said. The 76 73 SMU overtime victory over Rice for the championship wasn't too much of a surprise despite Rice's 10-0 record; the two teams have been rated about equal all season. Southern California, the lone outsider in the affair, beat Baylor 72-59 in first-round action but then lost to SMU 70-64 in the semifinals and to Texas 71-63 in a third-place game. Tucker scored a total of 192 points, including 43 (a record) against Texas A&M.

Big Seven. Iowa State and 5-foot-10 Gary Thompson raced through the massed opposition at Kansas City like a cyclone through a wheatfield, winding up with a 67-56 victory over Kansas in the championship game. Thompson, an outstanding playmaker and a great clutch shooter, scored 60 points and was named the tournament's most valuable player. Closest shave for the winners was a 55-52 victory over Colorado in the semifinals when Thompson had to get hot in a hurry to eke out a victory.

END

MAJOR COLLEGE TOURNAMENTS

ALL-COLLEGE (Oklahoma City)

Champion: Tulsa
Outstanding player: Junior Born, Tulsa
Championship round:
Oklahoma A&M 65—Texas Tech 47
Oklahoma City 74—Penn 62
Seattle 74—Loyola (N.O.) 70
Tulsa 89—Idaho State 59
Oklahoma City 48—Oklahoma A&M 47
Tulsa 85—Seattle 66
Oklahoma A&M 63—Seattle 52 (3rd place)
Tulsa 45—Oklahoma City 58 (final)
Consolation round:
Idaho State 87—Loyola 65
Penn 69—Texas Tech 58
Loyola 70—Texas Tech 53 (7th place)
Idaho State 84—Penn 79 (5th place)

BIG SEVEN (Kansas City)

Champion: Iowa State
Outstanding player: Gary Thompson, Iowa St.
Championship round:
Colorado 88—Oklahoma 65
Iowa State 79—Kansas State 71
Kansas 75—Cornell 58
Missouri 71—Nebraska 66
Iowa State 55—Colorado 52
Kansas 73—Missouri 56
Missouri 82—Colorado 79 (3rd place)
Iowa State 65—Kansas 56 (final)
Consolation round:
Kansas State 86—Oklahoma 64
Nebraska 70—Cornell 69
Oklahoma 71—Cornell 48 (7th place)
Kansas State 79—Nebraska 51 (5th place)

DIKE CLASSIC (Raleigh, N.C.)

Champion: North Carolina State
Outstanding player: Ron Shavlik, N.C. State
Championship round:
Duke 71—Wyoming 51
North Carolina 86—Villanova 63
N. C. State 59—Oregon St. 54
Wake Forest 87—Minnesota 83
North Carolina 71—Duke 64
N. C. State 70—Wake Forest 58
Duke 84—Wake Forest 53 (3rd place)
N. C. State 82—No. Carolina 40 (final)
Consolation round:
Wyoming 68—Villanova 48
Minnesota 64—Oregon State 58
Villanova 58—Ore. State 63 (7th place)
Minnesota 70—Wyoming 66 (5th place)

GATOR BOWL (Jacksonville)

Champion: Clemson
Outstanding player: Vito Yackel, Clemson
Clemson 109—Louisiana State 95
South Carolina 82—Georgia 68
Louisiana St. 91—Georgia 46 (3rd place)
Clemson 94—South Carolina 87 (final)

HOLIDAY FESTIVAL (New York)

Champion: San Francisco
Outstanding player: Bill Russell, USF
Championship round:
Holy Cross 87—Syracuse 74
San Francisco 79—La Salle 62
U. C. LA 80—St. Johns 86
Duquesne 73—Fordham 70
San Francisco 67—Holy Cross 51
UCLA 72—Duquesne 51
Holy Cross 81—Duquesne 57 (3rd place)
San Francisco 79—UCLA 68 (final)
Consolation round:
La Salle 78—Syracuse 72
St. Johns 97—Fordham 65
Syracuse 79—Fordham 61 (7th place)
La Salle 85—St. Johns 76 (5th place)

MOTOR CITY CLASSIC (Detroit)

Champion: Brigham Young
Outstanding player: Terry Tehs, BYU
Brigham Young 89—Toledo 70
Detroit 91—Penn State 58
Penn State 58—Toledo 66 (3rd place)
Brigham Young 99—Detroit 77 (final)

ORANGE BOWL (Miami Beach, Fla.)

Champion: West Virginia
Outstanding player: Chet Forte, Columbia
Championship round:
Miami 92—Yale 90
Tulane 80—NYU 72
Columbia 76—Santa Clara 73
West Virginia 78—Florida State 69
Miami 88—Tulane 75
West Virginia 70—Columbia 60
Columbia 64—Tulane 61 (3rd place)
West Virginia 85—Miami 78 (final)
Consolation round:
Yale 71—NYU 70
Santa Clara 81—Florida State 59
Florida State 86—NYU 83 (7th place)
Yale 86—Santa Clara 87 (5th place)

REICHMUND INVITATIONAL (Richmond)

Champion: Cincinnati
Outstanding player: Dirk Games, St. Hall
Championship round:
Cincinnati 93—Virginia 89
Richmond 76—Army 81
St. Hall 64—Virginia Tech 46
Wm. & Mary 100—Rhode Island 96
Cincinnati 82—St. Hall 81
Richmond 72—Wm. & Mary 69
St. Hall 86—Wm. & Mary 53 (3rd place)
Cincinnati 89—Richmond 69 (final)
Consolation round:
Army 99—Rhode Island 74
Virginia 103—Virginia Tech 85
Virginia Tech 89—RDU 75 (3rd place)
Virginia 86—Army 71 (5th place)

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE (Houston)

Champion: Southern Methodist
Outstanding player: Temple Tucker, Rice
Championship round:
Rice 110—Texas A&M 81
So. California 72—Baylor 59
So. Methodist 67—Arkansas 62
Texas 69—Texas Christian 60
Rice 80—Texas 72
So. Methodist 78—So. California 64
Texas 71—So. California 63 (3rd place)
So. Methodist 76—Rice 73 (final)
Consolation round:
Baylor 67—Arkansas 68
Texas Christian 67—Texas A&M 59
Arkansas 69—Texas A&M 57 (3rd place)
Baylor 62—Tex. Christian 49 (5th place)

SUGAR BOWL (New Orleans)

Champion: Notre Dame
Outstanding player: John Smyth, Notre Dame
Notre Dame 86—Alabama 89
Utah 89—Marquette 84
Alabama 77—Marquette 73 (3rd place)
Notre Dame 74—Utah 65 (final)

WINTER INVITATIONAL (College Park, Md.)

Champion: George Washington
Outstanding player: Joe Holup, Geo. Washington
Geo. Washington 69—St. Francis (Pa.) 58
Michigan State 95—Maryland 75
Maryland 88—St. Francis 62 (3rd place)
Geo. Washington 85—Mich. St. 62 (final)

OTHER COLLEGE GAMES

Baylor 75—COP 49	Mich. 78—Drexel 69
Baylor 85—East 79	Mich. 80—Bry. 79
Baylor 80—Pewaukee 79	Mont. 50 48—Wash. St. 56
California 82—Wyo. 55	Northeast 14—Dart. 16
California 75—Utah 68	Ohio St. 82—De Paul 72
Calif. A&M 63—Idaho 58	Oregon 86—Calif. A&M 56
Dartmouth 86—Wash. & Lee 54	Oregon 75—Calif. A&M 57
Duke 72—Rice 69	Princeton 88—Northwest 65
Duke 71—Calif. A&M 62	Purdue 75—Pittsburgh 61
Illinois 102—Columbia 81	St. Louis 86—Detroit 78
Illinois 105—Baylor 73	Stanford 54—Utah 52
Kentucky 121—St. J. 89	Washington 84—Wyo. 52
Loyola (Ind.) 73—Sara 61	Washington 74—Wyo. 52
Loy. (Chy.) 77—Bowd. 54	Wich. 63—Santa Clara 50
Marquette 72—No. Dak. 37	



IF COUSY HAS A TRADEMARK, IT IS HIS FAMOUS BEHIND-THE-BACK DRIBBLE AT FULL TILT.

PART I

BOB COUSY: BASKETBALL'S

All imagination and agility, the great Celtic star is leading the youngest

WITH THE SCORE tied 57-57 and about 10 seconds to go in the Holy Cross-Loyola of Chicago game in 1949, Bob Cousy of Holy Cross was fed the ball and drove hard for the basket, hoping to get a half step ahead of his man and get off a fairly close-in shot, preferably a lay-up, with his right hand. He never got that half step ahead. The man guarding him, Ralph Klierich, had held Cousy scoreless from the floor during the entire second half and was right with him again this time. If anything, Klierich was a fraction of a step in front of Cousy, overplaying him to his right side as he had been doing with remarkable success, ready to block any shot Cousy might try to make as he finished his dribble.

This time, however, Cousy finished his dribble somewhat differently than Klierich—or, for that matter, Cousy—was expecting. Realizing that the only way he could get free for a shot was somehow to get to Klierich's right (his left), Cousy, hearkening to some distant drum, reached behind his back with his right hand and slapped the ball to the floor, found the ball with his left hand as it came up on the bounce to his left side, and then, without a break in his stride or dribble, drove to the left (yards away from the flabbergasted Klierich), leaped into the air and sank a florid left-hander that won the game. "There was some talk at the time that I had been practicing that behind-the-back dribble and had only been waiting for the proper occasion to use it," Cousy recently recalled. "The fact of the matter is that I had never even thought of such a maneuver until the moment the situation forced me into it. It was purely and simply one of those cases when necessity is the mother of invention. I was absolutely amazed

myself at what I had done. It was only much later that I began to practice it so that I could make it a reliable part of my repertoire."

A person of abundant imagination, Cousy over the years has enlarged and refined his ball-handling techniques to the point where today no oldtimer remembers his equal and no contemporary player can touch him. To begin with, he is unanimously regarded as the game's most accomplished dribbler. The one man who might be compared with him, the old Globetrotter alumnus, Marques Haynes, honestly cannot be, since Cousy works against—and confounds—bona fide opposition in the National Basketball Association while Haynes operates on an exhibition tour with a well-drilled "opponent" helping him to display his remarkable wares. Much the same difference applies to any comparison of Cousy and Goose Tatum, whose humor and ball handling made the Globetrotters one of the most gratifying vaudeville acts since Singer's Midgets and Fink's Mules. Performed at the breakneck speed with which the pro game is played, Cousy's thesaurus now includes (along with his behind-the-back dribble, the pass-off-the-dribble, the reverse dribble and other plain and fancy locomotion) such exclusive Cousyisms as the behind-the-back transfer (in which he shifts the ball from his right hand to his left and then lays up a left-hander, all this while aloft in the air), the twice-around pass (in which he swings the ball around his back once and then passes it off to a teammate as he takes it around a second time, all this, of course, while in the air) and several variations on these themes which he resorts to when the situation calls for them. This virtuosity has won for Cousy such sobriquets as "The Mobile



AS THIS ACTION SEQUENCE SHOWS, IT ENABLES HIM TO CHANGE HIS DIRECTION ABRUPTLY

CREATIVE GENIUS

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT RIGER

of the major games out of one of its periodic wildernesses

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

Magician" and "The Houdini of the Hardwood" as well as the highest salary of any player in the NBA. He receives about \$20,000 a year from the Boston Celtics, and in a world where few basketball players as yet get a slurp of the subsidiary gravy, he has been able to augment his income considerably by running clinics and by endorsing a chewing gum, a breakfast food, a toothpaste, a seamless basketball and a Canadian sneaker. Far from resenting Cousy's fiscal eminence, his teammates and rivals are extremely happy about it for there is absolute agreement that, since the retirement of George Mikan, Cousy, as pro basketball's greatest attraction, has almost singlehandedly been carrying the league to a prosperity it could never otherwise enjoy.

It is always a little misleading to talk about the astonishing things Bob Cousy can do with a basketball because it tends to distort a true appreciation of his genius for the game. Though you are apt to forget it some nights when a poorly played contest seems to consist almost entirely of tall men shooting from outside and taller men battling lugubriously under the basket, basketball, good basketball, is a game of movement. As in hockey, Rugby, soccer, polo, lacrosse, and other kindred games where two opposing teams try to gain possession of the ball and advance it toward the enemy's goal for a scoring shot, the really gifted players are not necessarily the high-scoring specialists but the men with an instinctive sense of how to build a play—the man without the ball who knows how to cut free from the opponent covering him, and, even more important, the man with the ball who can "feel" how an offensive maneuver can develop, who can instantly spot a man who breaks free, and who can zip the ball over

to him at the right split second. Without this latter breed—the play-makers—basketball, or any other goal-to-goal game, can degenerate into a rather ragged race up and down the playing field.

Cousy's greatness lies in the fact that he is fundamentally a play-maker and that his leg-remain, far from being empty show-boating, is functional, solid basketball. Equipped with a fine sense of pattern, superb reflexes, he also has peripheral vision which enables him to see not only the men in front of him but a full 180° angle of the action. Thus, like nobody else in the game—unless it be Dick McGuire of the Knicks on one of his outlandish hot nights—Cousy can open up a seemingly clogged court by appearing to focus in one direction, simultaneously spotting a seemingly unreachable teammate in another area, and quickly turning him into a scoring threat with a whiplash pass. There is implicit deception in Cousy's straight basketball, which is the secret of any great player's success, and it is only in those exceptional circumstances when extra measures pay off soundly that he resorts to his really fancy stuff.

Well aware that his feats of manipulation draw the crowds and help to keep the league healthy, Cousy will flash a few of his special effects near the end of a game in which the outcome is already surely decided, if he previously has not had a chance to use them. Aside from this, he is all function. There has been only one occasion, for example, when he has deliberately trotted out a little of the old razzle-dazzle to show up an opposing player.

This occurred a few years back in one of those high-pitched battles between the Celtics and the Knicks.

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THREE STUDIES IN "HEY!" Red Moenon, Cousy (during one of his six breathers on the bench) and Coach Red Auerbach of the Boston Celtics register disquieting opinion.

BOB COUSY

(continued from page 55)

Sweetwater Clifton of the Knicks, who can handle the ball with his enormous hands as if it were the size of a grapefruit, had been, as Cousy saw it, indulging himself far too prodigally in exhibiting his artistry and appeared much more concerned with making the Celtics look foolish than in playing basketball. This aroused Cousy's French. The next time he got the ball, he dribbled straight up to Clifton. Looking Sweetie right in the eye, he wound up as if he were going to loom a big overhand pass directly at him. As he brought the ball over his shoulder, however, Cousy let it roll down his back, where he caught it with his left hand, and, completing that big windmill thrust with his empty right hand, stuck it out towards Sweetie in the gesture of "shake hands." It brought down the house.

"It was an old Globetrotter trick I'd seen them use and had practiced for my own benefit a couple of times," Cousy explained not long ago. "I shouldn't have done it but I was awfully sore at the time. Naturally the newspapers played it up that there was a feud between me and Clifton. The next time we played New York I looked Clifton up and told him I was sorry about the incident, for I was. Clifton isn't a wise guy. He's a helluva nice guy. I should have taken that into account at the time."

Even when he was a collegian, Robert Joseph Cousy's ability was so conspicuous that Adolph Rupp, the unquiet coach of Kentucky, acclaimed him "the greatest offensive player in

the country." This is a tribute indeed when you consider that Rupp views it as only a little short of treason to find anything or anybody worthy of his praise—except Happy Chandler, bourbon whisky, his own basketball teams and other strictly Bluegrass products.

THE GREATEST IN HISTORY

Today, 27 years old, a discernibly improved player in this his sixth season as a pro, Cousy is regarded by most experts as nothing less than the greatest all-round player in the 64-year history of basketball. "I've seen many great ones since I began fooling around with a ball in 1912," Joe Lapchick, a stalwart on the famous old New York Celtics and presently the coach of the Knickerbockers, reflected recently. "I've seen Johnny Beckman, Nat Holman, that wonderful player Hank Luisetti, Bob Davies, George Mikan, the best of the big men—to name just a few. But Cousy, though, is the best I've ever seen. He does so many things. It's so hard to say that Cousy can think in the air or that Cousy does this or that. Cousy does everything. He's regularly one of the league's top five scorers. When a guy's a scorer, you usually don't expect him to be a leader in the other departments. One talent generally suffers from another. Boh, however, has been a top leader in assists for the last five seasons. He's become a very capable defensive player, a tremendous pass stealer."

Lapchick paused to find words to sum up his panegyric. "I was just thinking of the games we've played against Cousy," he resumed with a

bittersweet look in his eyes. "He always shows you something new, something you've never seen before. Any mistake against him and you pay the full price. One step and he's past the defense. He's quick, he's smart, he's tireless, he has spirit and he is probably the best finisher in sports today."

One Celtic-Knuck scrap that Lapchick may have been musing on was their meeting on December 10, 1953. The Knicks were leading 93-90 with 30 seconds to go. Since they had possession of the ball, Boston having just scored, and no 24-second rule to contend with in those days, the game to all intents and purposes was as good as over. The Knicks knew exactly how they would handle the play coming up to keep Cousy from getting his hands on the ball again. Carl Braun, taking the ball out of bounds, would wait until Dick McGuire cut toward him, carrying Cousy, his man, along with him. Braun would then toss the ball to Harry Gallatin, well behind the spot where Cousy would then be. Braun took the ball, McGuire came tearing along with Cousy, Braun threw the ball to Gallatin—and Cousy intercepted it with a pantherlike whirl. He drove in unimpeded for a basket that cut the Knicks' lead to one point. A moment later, up front on an all-court press, he intercepted a bounce pass. Boston (Cousy immediately called time out. When play was resumed, Cousy hooked a pass to his teammate, Ed Macauley. Macauley was fouled before he could get a shot off. He made the foul. The final buzzer sounded: 93 all. In the overtime, in what many critics adjudge the finest exhibition of dribbling they have ever seen, Cousy controlled the ball for just about four of the five minutes of play, killing the clock once Boston was ahead and drawing foul after foul when as many as three Knicks at a time tried desperately to get the ball away from him. Final score: Boston 113—New York 108.

Like any athlete, Cousy has his big nights and his bad nights, though it should be added that most players would gladly settle for a straight diet of his bad ones. As to his greatest game, there is, to be sure, a sizable difference of opinion, the fan's choice depending in the last analysis on which games he has personally seen. A good many, for example, incline to think the high point was his performance in the 1954 East-West All-Star Game where Cousy turned the overtime into a one-man show while scoring 10 of the East's 14 points. (The basketball writers, who had voted Jim Pollard the game's most

valuable player at the end of the regulation four quarters, had no other course but to open the polls again and vote the award to Cousy.) Most of Cousy's New England following, however, who idolize him with a clamorous devotion which recalls the great love affair between Les Canadiens' rooters and Maurice Richard (SI, Dec. 6, 1964), are certain that no basketball player ever turned in a more magnificent job than Cousy did in a first-round playoff against the Syracuse Nationals two winters ago this coming March. Briefly, the tide of battle went something like this: at the end of the regulation four 12-minute periods, the teams were tied 77-77. At the end of the first five-minute overtime, they were still tied, 86 all. At the end of the second overtime, still tied up, 90 all. Syracuse dominated the third overtime and, with time rapidly running out, was out in front by five points. With 13 seconds to go, Cousy got loose for a pretty one-hander; he was fouled on the play and added the foul shot. With five seconds to go, he got the ball at mid-court and let go a long one-handed push-shot. Swish! 99-99. In the fourth overtime Syracuse once again raced off to a five-point lead. Once again Cousy tied it up. Syracuse began to fade then, and with Cousy adding four more foul shots, Boston pulled away to ultimately win 111-105. Cousy's scoring total for the marathon was 50 points—10 field goals and 30 free-throws in 32 attempts, still an NBA playoff record. Up to that evening Boston, seven years in the pro league, had been a rather shaky basketball town. Since that game, Boston has been a rabid basketball town—Cousy's performance was as conclusive as that.

LILLIPUTIAN IN A FOREST

In the Brobdingnagian world in which he operates, where a man 6 foot 5 has to look up to a good many of his teammates, Cousy, who stands 6 foot 1½, is one of the few surviving Lilliputians. On the floor, as he darts in and out of the forest of young oaks populating the court, spectators unconsciously begin to think of him as a much smaller man, a mere whippet of say 5 foot 8, or 5 foot 9. It is a shock to them, when they meet him off the court, to find that by conventional or nonbasketball standards their hero is a big fellow who towers over most hockey players and who must slide the front seat of an auto way back to gain sufficient leg room. (In this connection—how environment changes a fellow's height—Cousy's running-mate, Bill



COUSY'S STANDARD SET SHOT is a soft one-hander. To gain added deception, he starts the shot from his waist, the same position from which he begins all his moves.

Sharman, offers a very amusing case. During the winter, those who watch him tend to peg him in their minds as "Little Bill" Sharman. Comes spring, Sharman switches to baseball—last year he batted .292 with St. Paul in the American Association—and instantly undergoes a metamorphosis. For the next six months he is "Big Bill" Sharman, at 6 foot 2, one of the largest third basemen in organized ball.)

Cousy's weight is as deceptive as his height. Taking in his unobtrusive chest, his sloping shoulders and his long, lean

neck, most people guess him at 160 or 165 pounds. He weighs 185. Most of it is in his heavy, powerful thighs and legs, which, as Cousy sees it, are the key to a natural endurance that makes it possible for him to drive up and down a court long after other players in the pink of condition have retreated to the bench for a breather. But, of course, his most valuable physical asset is his hands, with their very large palms and extraordinarily long fingers, both far out of proportion to the rest of his

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body. Besides permitting Bob to manipulate a basketball more facetiously than most giants can, his hands, when added to his average-length arm for a 6-footer—he takes a 35 shirt sleeve—give him a reach some two inches longer than most men his size and enable him, among other things, to perform that old hack magic. One look at Cousy's hands and enthusiasts of other professions, from pianists to golfers, while not arguing that he was wrong to choose a career in basketball, invariably try to persuade him that he could have achieved as much in theirs. Baseball men are particularly saddened when they learn that Cousy played their game until he was 14 and then gave it up to concentrate on basketball. They see in him, when they add his speed, his eye and his calike reflexes to these enormous mitts, a great shortstop who got away.

When Cousy occasionally succumbs to blandishments that his hands and timing give him the ideal equipment for this or that other sport, the results often exceed the expectation. Two years ago he took up tennis as an off-season conditioner and now plays it so well that he can provide suitable rallying if not playing opposition for Jack Kramer. When he decided to learn how to fish last May, he needed only two hours of practice before he was shooting 30 yards of D-weight line the full 90 feet with the ease of a master caster.

While enjoying his ever-enlarging sphere of proficiencies, Cousy has no regrets whatsoever that the hospitality of circumstances in St. Albans, Long Island, where he grew up, led him to a life of basketball. He loves the game and thinks of it as a great game, well worth anyone's dedication. "To me," he once confided to a friend, "practice was never work. It was and is time spent at the thing I love the best. It gives me a chance to improvise, to create. Maybe I shouldn't put it on such a high plane," Cousy interrupted himself with a grin. "Anyhow, it does give you a chance to dream up new things and to polish them, and that is one of the reasons why the game has always had such a tremendous appeal for me."

Cousy pours so much of himself into basketball that when he is playing a game his absorption in the business at hand temporarily suffices the rest of his personality. In the dressing room before a game, his normally expressive dark brown eyes begin to lose their

animation and a sort of glaze settles over and begins to tighten his mobile face. He becomes quiet and solemn, and, in fact, somewhat drowsy. Part of this is natural—he has an indecent capacity to relax at hard moments. Part of it is calculated. He wants to play each game up to the hilt and he knows that he is expected to cut loose with some sensational stuff, and a spot of pregame torpor helps him to collect his energy and to shape his concentration. Once on the floor, he changes considerably. A tremendous, burning will to win comes over him. His eyes become narrowed with dourness and his Gallic features take on a Velazquezian gauntness. Except for those moments when he is arguing a point with the referee, Cousy's set poker face never alters for a moment, whether the Celtics are winning or losing, whether he is "hot" or "off," regardless of the score and the period. Coupled with the assurance and the audacity of his style of play, this facial immobility is often misread by anti-Celtic fans as hauteur, and they watch him move with the grudging admiration that Ben Hogan with his ice-cold, unshatterable poise used to extract from the followers of Snead, Nelson and other golfers.

AN HONEST-TO-GOODNESS CALM

Once a game is over, no matter how high the victory or how galling a defeat, Cousy usually manages to relapse almost instantly into an honest-to-goodness calm, much to the mystification of his teammates, who generally require a much longer period to settle down. It takes Cousy a half hour, nonetheless, before he has the game completely digested. A liveliness then comes back to his eyes, the contours of his face become rounder, and there is a merriment in his remarks and a ready enjoyment of other people.

The more you see Cousy, the more you come to realize that he is a person of honest individuality, as easy to admire off the court as on. He has packed a lot of maturity under his belt for a man of 27. He has a mind of his own, a good one, and an uncommon understanding of the responsibility his position carries along with its privileges. Perhaps the best way to delineate the mosaic of his substantial personality is to describe a piece here, a piece there.

For example, there is Cousy, the citizen of Worcester, his adopted home town and the site of his college, Holy Cross, quietly calling up basketball friends like Carl Braun last summer and organizing a charity game, the

proceeds to go to the widows of two Worcester firemen who had lost their lives in a fire. Both had left four children and no insurance. The game raised \$4,000.

There is Cousy—you do not learn this from him—deciding to accompany his teammate Chuck Cooper back to New York on the sleeper, after a hotel in Raleigh, N.C., had refused accommodations for Cooper, a Negro from Duquesne. Cousy and Cooper shared an apartment in Boston for three months when Cousy was waiting to move his family into a new house.

There is Cousy, so keyed for really lazy relaxation or all-out action that sports in which the tempo is not continuous are enormously difficult for him to take. At college he fell asleep while watching the first three football games he attended and never went to a game again. Last summer he walked out of a fairly crucial Yankees-Red Sox battle in the sixth inning. "All they did was change pitchers," he explains. "Anyway that was longer than I generally last. Three innings is about my quota."

There is Cousy, aware that there will come a time when his basketball days will be over, realistically planning for the future. Four years ago he became one of the three co-owners of Camp Grayling, a summer camp near Concord, New Hampshire. After the camping season, he now conducts an annual clinic there attended by boys who come from all over the country. Tuition: \$100 for the 10-day course. One of his associates in his noncamp ventures is Jack Richards, a Harvard graduate turned song writer. (The current hit song *He* is one of his numbers.) Cousy and Richards met two winters ago when Bob gave a clinic at a settlement house in a tough Cambridge district where Richards spent a lot of his time. "The next summer Jack sent 10 of those boys up to my 10-day clinic at his own expense," Cousy relates. "That impressed me. You don't find many fellows who actually act."

There is Cousy, the head of the Players' Association which he helped form in 1954 and which now has its headquarters in Worcester. It is a very necessary organization, for the NBA, still a young league, numbers among the owners of its teams quite a few promoters who have yet to graduate from the dance-hall era of early pro basketball and who continue to think in terms of the quick buck instead of the big league. While the players' salaries are now pitched at a proper level,

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SPORTING LOOK



DESIGNER SYDNEY WRAGGE

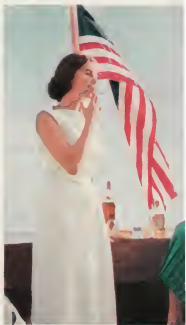
THE WRAGGE LOOK

THE American most responsible for the classic spectator look of American women at the world's resorts, Sydney Wragge, spends almost as much time on the golf courses and sailing the waters of the Long Island Sound and off Boca Raton as he does on New York's Seventh Avenue. His two favorite sports are reflected in his clothes, in middy blouses, golf-ball-print polka dots. The Wragge look, synonymous with elegant silks and linens, restrained color and custom detail, grew out of Sydney Wragge's men's shirt designs. Women bought the shirts, demanded skirts to match. His 1966 collection of resort clothes, photographed at Boca Raton near his winter home, is shown on this and the following three pages.

TWO COLORS and textures are typical of Wragge clothes. Neville Gearishap wears silk-and-linen shorts and middy (\$45), carries matching sun umbrella at the beach.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JERRY COOPER





YACHTING COLORS—red, white, blue—fly in most Wagge resort collections. Aboard the *Seaside* at the Australian Pier, Palm Beach, Barbara Freeland wears a white linen dress (\$45); Mrs. Gensbach a pleated silk skirt (\$35), cummerbund (\$6.95) and blouse (\$23.95); Chris Ledridge a red linen sheath (\$39.95) and white linen officer's

ORIENTAL INFLUENCE is introduced to the American casual treatment in a golden silk overdress, called "Teatimer" (\$55 with white linen skirt). As a hostess, Mrs. Freeland here wears it with white linen slacks (\$19.95).



jacket (\$45). The clothes pictured above and elsewhere on these four pages are available at the following fine stores: Burdine's, Miami; Bonwit Teller, New York; Julius Garfinckel Co., Washington; Harold's, Minneapolis; I. Magnin & Co., San Francisco; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Rich's, Atlanta; Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc., St. Louis.

MODERN ART influences many Wrugge designs. Here he creates a pastel pattern by contrasting colors and fabrics. Ruth Flynn wears the pink-and-white silk-and-linen coat (\$75) in the Cloisters Patio of the Boca Raton Club.





SCARF NECKLINES, always different, are another Wrage signature. This beige raw silk scarf, worn by Peggy Brannen in Boca Raton, buttons at the neckline of a white linen dress (\$39.95).

DEMINIERT, cropped halfway up the back, is an innovation of the 1946 Wrage collection. A red Oriental-print shirt (\$14.95) is paired with beige wool jersey bloomers (\$17.95) by Mrs. Ledridge.

SUBJECT: HARVEY SCHUR

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not altogether conceal her pride, "Harvey is big for his age."

"Five feet 8 1/2," said Benjamin Schur. "About 180." He puffed his cigar contemplatively. "He got his bear the third day out. Then he got a seal."

"Oh," breathed Mrs. Schur, "what a beautiful sealskin he brought back!"

"Next," said Benjamin Schur, "he started talkin' Africa. Africa, Africa—that was all I heard. I said to him, I said, 'Harvey, maybe we'll go to Africa in 1956 if business is O.K.' Did that keep him quiet?"

"Not him," said Mrs. Schur.

"He was over at the taxidermist in Mount Vernon, sewing about his bear head," said Benjamin Schur, "when he ran into this fellow George Hott, a Miami fellow, travels a lot; he'd been out to Africa in 1945, he was going again. He said he would take Harvey along or meet him there. I checked into him. He was a trustworthy fellow. His wife was going along. They were going out to Angola to visit a missionary they knew, Everett Jewell."

"From then on until it was time to go," said Mrs. Schur, "there was hardly any living with Harvey. He couldn't wait. He was half-crazy with excitement. All he did was read up on Angola. You never saw a kid so excited in your—" She stopped abruptly when the subject, as though on cue, came precipitously through the pink front door.

Harvey Schur's softly boyish face, with round, almost pudgy cheeks and the brown curly hair above it, looked incongruous atop his brawny body. He was attired in khaki pants and a khaki shirt, both of which he had worn in Africa. He moved with a springy eluminescence, like a young beast that, having achieved nearly full growth, has not quite learned to manage it. Speaking, he mamboed from foot to foot, letting his shy, breathless sentences fly like buckshot; sitting and listening, he stared at his fidgeting, unresting hands in something close to wonder, as though he had grown them only a moment before. He seemed impatiently expectant, as though he were both wishing to get this conversation over with and at the same time hoping that, miraculously, some magician from the comic books he habitually reads would appear, sweep away those coral-and-ebony pieces, those subtly indirect lights and those marbleized tabletops and plant in their stead the tangled, sunburnt bush and the sweeping vistas

of his recently beloved Angola. Yet he was enough his practical father's son to know that the dream's existence was at once its denial; and so he sat with the adults exercising that tolerance which being a boy sometimes demands.

"So how was the African movie?" his father asked.

"Swell," he said, his bright eyes instantly making clear that anything that had anything to do with hunting was, so to speak, his meat.

"Harvey," said his mother, "are you hungry? Show your room, please."

"Not hungry," he said, and stood up gladly, leading the way to his bedroom. It was a warm, paneled cubicle. A bright primitive spread covered the bed, which was placed so that the instant Harvey Schur, the boy hunter, opened his eyes in the mornings he would be confronted by the howling, ferocious, terrifyingly lifelike head of the Kodiak bear he had killed. A few feet away was the head of Harvey's Maine deer, hanging in a darker corner as if seeking protection there from the Kodiak. The deer's feet supported the lamp on Harvey's bureau. A hassock was covered with his sealskin. On the wall to the left of his bed was a rack of shotguns and rifles, with the wide-

brimmed hunter's hat he had bought in Angola hanging from one of the hooks.

Entering the room (and stumbling slightly over the threshold), Harvey went immediately to the television set on the table to the right of his bed, switching it on absently in the conditioned reflex of a child of the '50s. For the next 10 minutes or more, while recounting his African trip, he kept shooting glances at the Grade-Z melodrama on the screen, as if the violence there could somehow transmit to him strength for the ordeal of narration.

GOT LEOPARD FIRST DAY

"Do you want to see some of the pictures?" he asked, bending to the desk beneath the malevolent Kodiak. "You can look through these," he said, handing over a box of slides and a small viewer. He turned toward the television set, where four rough-looking men were scuffling with a disheveled fifth. He took his eyes from the screen reluctantly to gaze at one transparency.

"That's my leopard," he said, his voice taking on shades of interest and excitement. "I got him the first day. When I got to Nova Lisboa, the Hotts hadn't arrived yet. Their friends, the Jewells, the missionaries, had a room fixed up for me, and for a couple days I just went around Nova Lisboa looking

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"Ellenore! It's f. 2 at 1 200 and not your range funder."

SUBJECT: HARVEY SCHUR

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at the sights. I was wishing I could get out and see some animals, but all I saw was dogs. One day Mr. Jewell took me down to a general store there and I got my gun—1075 X-68, FN Belgian. It was the biggest gun they had there.

"The Hotts got there a couple days later. We finally started out for Cuchi [a town about 250 miles north of Nova Lisboa] with the Jewells and two native cooks and Senhor Britan, a hotelkeeper who was going to be our guide.

"The country was different than I'd expected. It was like plains—savannas, they call them—more like our western plains than like the African jungle I'd expected. They told me that jungle is only in the Belgian Congo, where the gorillas and snakes are. But this was flat country, with a lot of scrubby bushes running for miles and clumps of trees here and there.

"Right away, we had an accident. Mr. Hott was thrown from the car and cracked some ribs—but we continued."

KILLS VILLAGE MARAUDER

"All that day we saw a lot of game far out on the plains. It was a big thrill to see the antelope out there, running wild, just like in the movies. I could hardly believe I was really there and seeing it all. And I was anxious to try my new gun, but all that game was too far off for me to get a shot."

Benjamin Schur had come into the bedroom, followed at a pace or two by his wife. The father stood listening to his boy's recital with a mixture of amazement and humor. "Wasn't that first day the day you shot the leopard, Harvey?"

"I'm tellin' about the leopard," Harvey said, tearing his eyes away from the television screen. "It was toward evening, we were riding along, and all of a sudden Mr. Hott pointed and

said, 'There's your leopard, Harvey.' The minute I heard him I saw the leopard's eyes shining—like diamonds, only green. He was there at the side of the road, crouched there waiting. He was waiting for a native, we found out later—he'd already mauled several natives around there, including the *Chefe do Posto* at Cuchi.

"When Mr. Hott stopped the truck, I jumped right down. I raised my gun and took aim and bang! Then I started to run toward him because I didn't want to lose him. Behind me they were yelling for me to watch out, but I couldn't stop—I had to see if I'd bagged him. Ten yards away from him I stopped and picked up a big rock, and I threw it at him and kept my gun ready in case he came after me. But he didn't move a bit, so I went up and looked at him and saw my first shot had got him right under the left eye."

"He's giving the skin to his sister for a coat," Mrs. Schur said.

"Not that skin," said Harvey. "One we got later. That one wasn't much good. The leopard was very skinny—he'd been hungry, and he'd been trying to raid the Banta villages around there."

Now he rifled through a small pile of transparencies, most of which showed him posing with various heads and sets of antlers. "From Cuchi we went to camp about 50 miles away," he said. "Antonio took us there—Antonio Ferreira, he was our guide that trip. We stayed six days, hunting antelope on the plains—lechwe and a kind that they call hambu out there."

"The second day in that camp, I got this," Harvey said, handing over a color slide of a huge wild boar. "A pair of those warthogs jumped up ahead of us, running hard as they could. They were about 300 yards away. I didn't have any bullets for my gun right then,

so Mr. Jewell gave me his Springfield. It's hard for me to hit a moving target with a telescope sight, so I missed, Antonio shot and he missed, too. On my fourth shot I was lucky—I got the boar just as he was making a dive for the bushes. He was a big one—300 pounds and two sets of warts. I brought his head back home with me."

"Where we'll put those heads, I don't know," said Benjamin Schur again.

The excitement of reliving his adventure seemed finally to have drawn Harvey's attention from the television.

"I got a roan antelope as we were going back to Nova Lisboa after that camp," Harvey said. "The roan is one of the biggest antelopes, one of the hardest to kill. He can be dangerous, I found out later. This one was standing in the road about 75 yards ahead. When I shot him he gave a big tremendous jump, and I was sure I'd missed. I didn't—I got him right through the heart. He weighed over 500 pounds—boy, was he big! I'd never thought I'd get an antelope that big. We had a heck of a time loading him on the truck. When we all finally got him heaved up there, the tires started to blow out, one by one. We had to wait for a ride back in to Nova Lisboa. That roan was the best-tasting meat I ever ate. Much better than steak. All that game is better than steak, if you ask me."

"Give me a steak any time," said Benjamin Schur.

"The Hotts and I stayed around Nova Lisboa about a week and then went to the second camp, also nearer Cuchi but about 60 miles south," Harvey said, still gazing at the screen. "Mr. Hott still wasn't feeling so good, but he said I could go out with Senhor Alfredo—Antonio's brother—and Senhor Bertão. They're meat hunters for the railroad that runs across Angola. They shoot meat and sell it to the railroad and the railroad gives it to the native gangs along the tracks. Every day we



Schur

went out after roan, waterbuck, kudu, bambi or reedhuck. We'd go in the jeep, one driving and the other two watching. When we saw a herd we would go as fast as we could until we got close enough to make a shot, but those antelope were all very fast. We never stayed on the roads—we went across country in the jeep. Roads! Those roads aren't roads—they're just trails. In the whole time we were there, the Hotts and I broke 22 springs in our vehicles and blew out about a dozen tires.

"There were always lobos around that camp," the young Nimrod went on, speaking more quickly. "Lobos, they called them—big black wolves. They weigh about 100 pounds out there, and are so fierce even lions are scared of them. One night we roped two big skins over a load of meat on the ground, and the lobos came right into camp while we were all asleep and dragged it away. Next day we found the rope about a mile down the plains, chewed to pieces."

WAITING FOR LION

"After we'd been at that camp for a while, a native came in and said that two lions were raiding a native settlement about 20 miles off. They wanted to know if we would come and get rid of them. It was a rough trip—it took us over four hours—and when we got there we found the natives really scared. The lions had been coming right into the village in the broad daylight, and they'd killed a donkey, four goats and a pig. We waited for them a whole afternoon. I was hoping like crazy they'd come, but they never did. They were too smart."

"Later we went back and spent three whole days hanging around, but they still didn't come. I never did get a lion. I didn't even see one, but one night I did hear one roaring near camp. It was a long, loud howl, and when it came the natives jumped up and began jabbering. It sort of went all through you and seemed to shake the ground. I wasn't scared, but it made me feel funny."

"Were you scared?" his father prodded. "You must have been a little scared."

"I was not," said the boy stoutly. "Not then. Later on..."

"When was that?"

"The second leopard."

"So come on, tell," said his father.

"Harvey," said his mother, "turn off the television, please."

"Aw," said the hunter, "all right." He trundled his body (tripping once as



"How does Sun Valley feel about belly-roping?"

he got to his feet) across the room to the set and switched it off.

"Now, the leopard," said Benjamin Schur.

"It was the third time out," Harvey said. "Mr. Hott was still feeling sort of lousy, so when the time came for us to break up the second camp he got the white hunters to take me with them. We went on to a camp about 50 miles away. Now I really felt like I was on my own. The hunters couldn't speak English. I couldn't speak Portuguese. We used sign language, like Indians. It was fun." His face grew suddenly somber and wistful, as though he were secretly contrasting this lath-house civilized situation, with its necessity for language, with the simple, silent life he and his hunter friends had endured on the savannas.

"The leopard, Harvey," said Benjamin Schur.

"I'm getting to that, for cripesake," Harvey said. "One day we saw about 10 waterbuck up in the bush about 500 yards away. We started for them in the jeep as fast as it would go, and within 50 yards we started to shoot. Two bucks fell, and the rest were scared off. We put some branches over them to

pick them up the next day. Well, in the morning, when we got back there, there was only one buck. The other one was gone. We found him about 20 yards away, all chewed up except for his head, and covered with branches the way a lion covers up something he's eating."

"It was plain that we'd scared some big cat off his dinner. Senhores Alfredo and Bertão were very tense, looking all around the landscape. I held my gun ready, trying to see if I could see anything moving in the bush."

Harvey's hands went up, holding his imaginary gun, and in that gesture he carried his audience the 5,900 miles back to Angola. His father had stopped puffing on his cigar; his mother wore a fearful expression.

"The natives with us were really scared," Harvey said, drawing a quick breath. "They went back toward the jeep. The three of us started walking forward and then, without making a sound, Senhor Alfredo stopped and began firing."

"We saw it right away—a leopard, standing in a clearing about 100 yards ahead. As the shots banged away, he

continued on next page

jumped and disappeared into a clump of trees.

"Now we started running, fast as we could, Senhor Bertão to the left, Senhor Alfredo to the right, running parallel toward the trees where the leopard had gone. I'd never run that fast or that hard in my life. When we couldn't go any further, we stopped. There was a tree a few yards to our left, and we started toward it to rest in the shade. As we did, *crack!*"

He paused, unconsciously timing his narrative.

"Up above us in the tree, there was a crashing, breaking noise, and the leopard dropped right down, almost at our feet. I jumped, holding my gun, but he was dead. Then I got a little scared—I realized he'd been waiting there in the tree for us, and if it hadn't been for Senhor Bertão's good eyesight, we'd have been in a heck of a spot. Why," said Harvey, his eyes round with an identifiable although unexpressed eagerness, "he might have clawed all of us!"

His mother cleared her throat uneasily.

"That wasn't the narrowest escape, though," Harvey said. "The second close call came on the last day of my hunting trip, as we were going back from a camp near Kyunda, a town down south near the desert. We saw a herd of roan antelope and got within 150 yards of them. Senhor Bertão took a shot and hit one. The roan jumped up, circled around and started to run. I fired, and the roan fell over but jumped up and started to run again. I

shot him a second time. He staggered up and was still running, and by then I was within 10 feet of him. There was no killing that roan. As I started toward him, he got up and charged me. I stood and squeezed off two shots, and this time I knew I had him. He was still, and I went up to have a look at the head.

"I was reaching out to grab one of the ears when he made one final effort. His head turned quickly, hooked the gun out of my hand, and threw it about 20 feet away. I made a dive for it, and as I picked it up I saw that the wooden part under the barrel had been splintered and smashed. The roan was just trying to get up and come after me again when I got off the last shot and killed it. Meanwhile, two hunters were standing over to one side, laughing at me. I didn't feel much like laughing. Not then." But now, in recollection, he grinned and flushed, looking, as he did, even younger than his actual age.

MAY RETURN AFTER SCHOOL

"I had to leave right soon after that," he said, regretfully. "I wanted to stay—"

"He even told the Jewells he wanted to stay," Mrs. Schur said, the reproach meant for her son.

He smiled again. "I told Mr. Hott, not Mr. Jewell," he corrected. "He said, 'Harvey, go home and finish school. Three years or so, and maybe you can come out here for good if you want to.'"

"He says," said Benjamin Schur, "he's going out there to raise cattle. Imagine, a boy or mine, a cattle raiser in Africa."

"You can come and see me," Harvey said.

"Harvey," said his mother, "tell what Mr. Jewell said when you left."

"Aw," said Harvey, toying the rug like the modest hero of one of his favorite western dramas on TV.

"Mr. Jewell," said Mrs. Schur, with a kind of defiant pride, "said Harvey could go back any time he wants to. He said to Harvey, 'Harvey, if all the kids in the States are like you, they can handle anything that comes up.'"

"Is that what he said, Harvey?" Benjamin Schur asked.

"Something like that," said the boy, reddening.

"He wrote it to me, in a letter," said Mrs. Schur.

"I hated to leave," Harvey said. "If I could have done it, I would've got right on a plane the day I got back home and gone right back out there."

"So you weren't glad to see your parents," said the father, challengingly but jokingly.

"Oh, sure," Harvey said, nodding seriously. "Sure, I was glad. But out there—" He stopped, his command of English failing him. "Around here, there's nothing to do," he said. "It's nothing but homework and all that junk. I can't wait for my next vacation—I'm going up to Maine, again. And next summer I'm going back out to Angola—"

"Maybe," said Benjamin Schur.

"Maybe," Harvey amended, hopefully. "But if I don't go then, I'll go after I'm out of school. For good."

Mr. Schur shook his head. His wife again became, in face and in demeanor, the everlastingly fearful mother. Harvey was now sitting silently; it was clear that he had no intention of swerving from his decision. "What else can I tell you?" he asked respectfully, as though additional details would lend weight to his position. "There's much more—I keep remembering stuff all the time. Every night I dream I'm back there."

"You see?" said Benjamin Schur. "It's his whole life. It's all he thinks about." He led the way to the living room. At the foyer he stopped and surveyed the coral-and-black pieces and the thick carpet. "I wonder," he said, "where we'll put..."

From the bedroom a shot rang out, and there was the sound of angry voices and a motor starting, and then another shot.

Benjamin Schur looked up, realized what it was, and smiled to himself. His head moved from side to side. "That Harvey," he said softly. (END)



Jerry Marcus

"Are you sure you're snow-blind, Mr. Klar?"

YESTERDAY

CHASE ME

He shook hands with his friends
and pulled a cigar from the starter's
pocket and lost only his last race



SARA BOSLEY, LEFT, HOLDS FAMILY PET, CHASE ME, WHILE SISTER BETTY HOLDS ST. BERNARD

IN THE hunting country of Maryland near Baltimore a colt was foaled on May 28, 1929 at the John R. Bosley Jr. farm. His breeding was not overly distinguished; neither his sire, Purchase, nor his dam, Mayanel, was outstanding. And although he grew to be a handsome youngster, brown with a white forehead star, he had weak knees and couldn't jump.

The Bosleys named the colt Chase Me and brought him up as a family pet and saddle horse for their three children. Sara, the eldest, tested and developed Chase Me's intelligence by teaching him to perform tricks. Sometimes she wished she hadn't because he repeated them so often and with such enthusiasm. He would retrieve sticks in his mouth like a dog, shake hands by politely raising one hoof to anyone who came along and he seemed especially fond of impishly sticking out his tongue at people, mimicking them when they laughed, or pulling handkerchiefs from their pockets. Everyone loved this horse with the irresistible personality.

The Bosleys didn't realize Chase Me was more than a smart, playful pet until one spring day in 1933 when Sara, on Chase Me, challenged her mother, who was riding a fine French horse, to a friendly sprint. To the Bosleys' amazement, Chase Me left mother and the foreigner far behind.

That September at Havre de Grace they entered Chase Me, now a 4-year-old, in his first race. On his way to the gate, Chase Me gently extracted a cigar from the starter's pocket and then won easily by 20 lengths at a gallop.

During the rest of 1933 Chase Me raced at the Maryland tracks—Pimlico, Laurel and Bowie—and won every race he started. By year's end he was established as a darling of the turf world, but he still returned regularly to play with the Bosley children.

In 1934 Chase Me was sent to Belmont Park for the one-mile Metropolitan Handicap, where he would meet a tough,

fast and well-matched field. Mack Garner had contracted to ride Chase Me, but two days before the race his best friend, Jockey Duke Belizzi, was killed in a race and Mack went off to the funeral. At that late date, every top flat-racing jockey had been spoken for, and the Bosleys were forced to substitute Frankie Slate, a steeplechase rider.

When the nine horses paraded to the post, Chase Me, as usual, considerably unnerved the starter by first offering to shake his hand. At the gate he was, as always, a slow starter and broke seventh, with the famed Equipoise eighth. At the final turn, Chase Me and Equipoise, still locked together, had moved up on the leaders. After three-quarters of a mile, Equipoise was third and gaining rapidly on the leader, Mr. Khayyam. Chase Me followed, a little over two lengths behind. At the eighth pole, as Equipoise caught the leader, he swerved in and bumped him. But Mrs. Bosley had seen very little of this. Watching Chase Me through glasses, she had suddenly seen him go down in the dust. Crying, she ran out on the track, where the horse lay thrashing. Slate, his jockey, had been thrown clear and was unhurt. But bone was protruding through the skin of Chase Me's left shoulder. Bystanders helped the horse up, and he stood on three feet, whimpering softly. Mrs. Bosley threw her arms around his neck, and she and the heartbroken crowd, as they watched the hobbling pet led off, knew they'd never see him again.

No one knew how the tragedy had happened. The Bosleys said later, "He must have crossed his legs, somehow." Today Sara (now Mrs. Jay Secor) says, "I'll never forget that terrible moment."

So Chase Me did not die unbeaten, since a horse that starts a race and doesn't finish is rated a loser. But that tragic mile was the only race he ever lost. Equipoise finished first but didn't win. He was disqualified for fouling Mr. Khayyam, who was declared the winner. (END)

BOB COUSY: BASKETBALL'S GENIUS

continued from page 46

the league president, Maurie Podoloff, has much of the time acted as though he were solely responsible to the club owners and not equally responsible for safeguarding the legitimate interests of the players. With the NBA now a prosperous circuit, most veteran basketball hands consider the Players' Association to be more than justified in its efforts to obtain a reasonable limit to the fatiguing preseason barnstorming tours, small payment fees (like other pro athletes receive) for players who publicize the league through personal and television appearances, concrete steps by the league to improve the quality and uniformity of the still capricious officiating, and other such improvements. As the game's young statesman as well as its outstanding player, Cousy was the logical choice to represent pro basketball at the White House luncheon last July when leaders from all sports met with President Eisenhower to discuss what sports can contribute in the nation's over-all campaign against juvenile delinquency.

A PREJUDICE TO COMBAT

Putting these several pieces together, it becomes clear that basketball is fortunate indeed in having a man like Cousy as its current personification, for in an odd way, but a definite one, the game, despite its popularity in many sections of the country, still has to combat in other sections a marked prejudice. In those latter quarters it is extremely fashionable to dislike basketball, whether or not you know what it is all about, and retail as your reasons that it is a game dominated not by attractive stars but by uncoordinated skyscraping goons, a game without patterns and riddled furthermore by senseless rules, a game that has had its fix scandals and is thick with tramp athletes, a game which principally attracts the poolroom set in between wrestling and fight nights—in short, a poor, sweaty, unsavory relation trying to edge itself into the proud tradition of major American sports.

There is an element of truth in all this, of course, but also as great an element of distortion as there would be in glibly characterizing hockey as a game without patterns and furthermore riddled by senseless rules, football as a game for behemoths only, in which the ball is hidden from the spectator as well as the opposing team, or golf as a game of rigged Calcuttas, baseball as the game of the Black Sox

scandal, and so on and so forth. The most intelligent rebuttal to the charges of an antibasketball man (besides taking him to watch Cousy) would be to shanghai him to a high school game in some midwestern town where the whole population turns out to watch and forms a modern Currier and Ives scene. One evening in such a locale and your man will understand why basketball, the youngest of all major sports, today is participated in by uncountable millions throughout the world and annually attracts the largest number of spectators of any major American sport, some 95 million.

No sport ever had a more dramatic genesis or a finer father. He was Dr. James Naismith, a Canadian who grew up in a country town in northern Ontario. Orphaned at 8, Naismith early gave a memorable indication of his native inventiveness: too proud to ask his uncle to buy him a pair of skates like the other boys had, he hid himself to his uncle's machine shop and made himself a pair by setting two old files firmly into strips of hickory. In the autumn of 1883 he enrolled at McGill University to study for the ministry. Although contact sports were then frowned on as a wayward pursuit for a theology student, Naismith played center on the college Rugby team for seven years. "Much to my amusement," he later wrote, "I learned that some of my comrades gathered in one of the rooms one evening to pray for my soul." The rough-and-tumble life on the Rugby field, requiring self-

control as well as ardor and developing many valuable traits among any team of players, was one of the main influences that led Naismith to decide, after much reflection, that "there might be other ways of doing good besides preaching." He dropped the ministry in favor of spreading the gospel of health through sports and entered the YMCA's International Training School in Springfield, Mass. It was at Springfield in 1891 that James Naismith invented basketball.

MAKING A NEW GAME

How he did it is a marvelous chronicle for, under the stress of circumstances, Naismith deliberately set out to make up a new game. It all started with the realization by the faculty at Springfield that American boys, attuned to flexible, competitive sports like baseball and football, were bored and impatient with the gymnasium classes that conventionally filled in the hiatus between the close of the football season and the first game of scrum when the snow was gone. Late in 1891, after several other young instructors had tried unsuccessfully to devise some indoor recreation that would please the very discontented members of the young men's class, the head of the athletic department, Dr. Luther Gulick, asked Naismith to take a crack at it for a couple of weeks. Knowing that what was needed was a new game, Naismith first tried modifying Rugby, eliminating the tackling. The class thought it was awful. He next tried an indoor variation of soccer. Even the few men who could still walk in their sneakers after the melee were enthusiastically



A BACKWARD PASS by Cousy as two Minneapolis Lakers converge on him sets

up Celtic's Ernie Barrett after Cousy had first faked a pass to Ed Macauley, No. 22.

against it. He got the same reaction when he tried to modify lacrosse for the small 65-foot-by-45-foot gym. "The day before my two weeks ended I met the class," Naismith recalled years afterwards. "I will always remember that meeting. I had nothing new to try and no idea of what I was going to do... With weary footsteps I mounted the flight of narrow steps that led to my office directly over the locker room. I slumped down in my chair, my head in my hands and my elbows on the desk. I was a thoroughly disheartened and discouraged young instructor. Below me, I could hear the boys in the locker room having a good time, they were giving expression to the very spirit I had tried so hard to evoke."

As he sat there at his desk, Naismith decided to take a new tack. Previously he had been trying to adapt old games and that had failed. Now he began to ponder the nature of games in general from the philosophical side. Well, first, nearly all games used a ball. Some also used sticks but they demanded more proficiency and lots of space. As he mulled over the kind of game that was needed, he concluded that a soccer ball would probably be the best ball. It was sufficiently large so that it couldn't be hidden from sight by a player. Moreover, it was easier to handle than an oval football. All right, then, say you wanted your game to have some of the same patterns as American football without the tackling and other strenuous contact, how then would the players advance the ball? As he visualized the action in his mind, Naismith hit on the first of his original devices: the player in possession of the ball could not run with it after getting it but would be required to stop or pass the ball immediately. How about the goals then? If you took a lacrosse goal and—no, that wouldn't work out; a group of defending players could block off any scoring simply by massing in front of it. Why not place them off the ground above the heads of the players? Then it would be useless for players to mass in front of a goal to block scoring throws. Additionally, vaguely like a good shot in the backyard game of duck-on-the-rock, the shot that would put the ball into such an overhead goal would call much more for accuracy than for sheer power. That was certainly a step in the right direction.

The next morning as he was walking down the hall near the gym, about an hour and a half before the class was due to meet, Naismith met the building superintendent and asked him if he had



BEHIND-THE-BACK TRANSFER, an exclusive Cousyism, allows him to befuddle

the defense and set up a scoring pass after a fast break leads to a 3-on-2 situation.

two boxes 18 inches square. The superintendent said he hadn't but he had two old peach baskets in the storeroom. He brought them up and Naismith nailed a basket to the lower rail of the balcony at both ends of the gym. He went back to his office, quickly wrote out 13 rules for the game and had them typed. "The game was a success from the time the first ball was tossed up," Dr. Naismith later wrote. "... When the first game had ended, I felt that I could now go to Dr. Gulick and tell him that I had accomplished the two seemingly impossible tasks he had set for me: namely, to interest the class in physical exercise and to invent a new game."

HOOPS ALL OVER THE WORLD

No sport in history caught on like Dr. Naismith's baby. Within a month of the historic first game, girls were playing basketball. (Naismith, by the way, married a member of the first girls' team.) By 1892 the game was being played at the University of Iowa, a year later at Stanford. By the turn of the century, with YMCA men carrying the ball wherever they went, there were hundreds of hoops in South America, China, Japan—all over the world. As it grew, the game changed. Players with a gift for it came up with all kinds of new maneuvers. For example, the dribble, first conceived as a defensive aid to help a man stuck with the ball to keep free until he could get off a pass, swiftly was turned by talented dribblers into an element of the attack. And as the game changed, rules had to

be added and changed—a rule here to make official some unarguable improvement the players had hit on, such as the rule that the team which did not touch the ball last before it went out of bounds throws it back into play; a rule there to curb certain unanticipated excesses which were hurting the game, like the one limiting the number of fouls a player could commit before being disqualified for the rest of the game. Today, 64 years old, basketball is still in the process of evolution, a game that has not yet found its best expression as has baseball or golf or tennis. It has changed tremendously just over the past 20 years, when the abolition of the center jump and the ten-second backcourt rule and the advent of the fast break so greatly speeded up the game.

But it hasn't all been progress in a neat straight line. Bad trends have been recognized and rules instituted to prevent them, and as often as not the new rules have fostered greater ills than the ones they proposed to cure. There have been periods, many of them, in fact, when the game got itself so fouled up that the elements which had made for its appeal had all but disappeared and what had arisen in their place wasn't basketball at all. A good deal of the trouble, to be sure, has resulted from the unavoidable proposition that in a game where the goals are set 10 feet above the ground, a big man will always have a valuable advantage, and you cannot legislate against height in basketball any more honestly than you

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I'm not much at handing out compliments, but I now hasten to add my congratulations.

Don L. Lambert
St. Louis, Missouri

BOB COUSY

continued from page 37

can restrict the bulk of the linemen in football. You must deal with it within the spirit of the game.

Up to now, whenever basketball has found itself all snarled up in a jungle of unforeseen developments and unnatural rules, someone has always appeared to lead the game out of the wilderness. Sometimes it has been a wonderful team like the Original Celtics, sometimes a rules committee clearing to the heart of the matter, and sometimes a single player. In recent years, when the game was coming very close to developing into a race-horse shooting match between men who had developed unstoppable shots and who could do very little else, Bob Cousy, above and beyond anyone else, has blazed the trail back to good basketball. Cousy has, in truth, gone much further: he has opened the road to better basketball. Perhaps no player or coach in the game's history has understood the true breath of basketball as well as he. He has shown, in what has amounted to an enlightened revolution, that basketball offers a hundred and one possibilities of maneuvers no one ever dreamed of before. Reversing your dribble or passing behind your back and so on—those stunts had been done for years, but if you combine those moves with a sense of basketball, then you are going some place. Increase your repertoire of moves, and the man playing you, by guarding against one, gives you the opening you need to move into another. It is not unlike learning to speak a new language. The larger your vocabulary, the better you will speak it, as long as you are building on a sound foundation.

Bob Cousy has been called a one-in-a-lifetime player. He may prove to be. But from now on the new stars that arise will play like Cousy. You can see his influence in the backyards throughout the country. Where all the kids used to be practicing spiral shots, you now find them trying to do something with the ball in the style of the master and submitting rather stoically, when the maneuver fails, to that inevitable come-appearance: "Who do you think you are anyway—Cousy?" **END**

NEXT WEEK

BOB COUSY: PART II

The coming of the modern game; its flaws and its delights; and Cousy's contribution to its rehabilitation

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

January 6 through January 15

FRIDAY, JANUARY 6

Basketball (Professionals)

Philadelphia vs. Minnesota & Syracuse vs. New York, Philadelphia.

Boxing

● Edoardo Lauria vs. Mike Savage, middleweights, Madison Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Golf

Los Angeles Open Tournament, West Los Angeles (through Jan. 9).

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Chicago (also Jan. 7).

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7

Basketball (Leading college games)

● Wisconsin vs. Indiana, Madison, Wis., 2 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS). Men to watch: Indiana's Walt Chace (44) and Wisconsin's Dick Miller (27). Duke vs. N.C. State, Durham, N.C. Wake Forest vs. N. Carolina, Wake Forest, N.C. Utah vs. Utah St., Salt Lake City. Dayton vs. Iowa, Madison Sq. Garden, N.Y. Tennessee vs. Vanderbilt, Knoxville, Tenn. Kentucky vs. Ga. Tech., Lexington, Ky. Iowa vs. Mich. St., Iowa City, Iowa.

(Professionals)

St. Louis vs. Fort Wayne, St. Louis. Syracuse vs. Boston, Syracuse. Rochester vs. Minneapolis, Rochester. ● Philadelphia vs. New York, Philadelphia, 3 p.m. (NBC).

Football

● Sam Houston Bowl, Mobile, Ala., 2:15 p.m. (Mutual).

Hockey

Montreal vs. Chicago, Montreal. Toronto vs. Boston, Toronto.

Horse Racing

San Pasquel Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., 4-yr.-olds up, Santa Anita Pk., Arcadia, Calif.

Ice Skating

Thruout speed skating championships, Chicago. World barrel-jumping championships, Grossepointe, N.Y.

Swimming

Canadian Invitational, Toronto (also Jan. 8).

Swimming

Big Ten Invitational Relay, E. Lansing, Mich.

Tech & Field

St. Met. AAU championships, New York.

Volleyball

Santa Monica Invitational, Santa Monica, Calif.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 8

Basketball (Professionals)

Boston vs. Rochester, Boston. New York vs. Philadelphia, New York. Minneapolis vs. Syracuse, Minneapolis. Fort Wayne vs. St. Louis, Fort Wayne.

Hockey

New York vs. Chicago, New York. Detroit vs. Boston, Detroit.

Sliding

Leukerhorn Intl. slalom & downhill championships (men), Weenen, Switzerland (also Jan. 9).

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Kansas City, Mo.

MONDAY, JANUARY 9

Basketball (Leading college games)

Ga. Tech. vs. Vanderbilt, Atlanta. Ohio St. vs. Iowa, Columbus, Ohio. Illinois vs. Wisconsin, Champaign, Ill. Houston vs. Oklahoma City, Houston.

Boxing

James J. Parker vs. Johnny Arthur, British Empire heavyweight Championship, Toronto (12 rds.). ● Carlos Ortiz vs. Ray Parilla, lightweights, St. Nick's, New York (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (La Mole).

TUESDAY, JANUARY 10

Basketball (Leading college games)

San Francisco vs. Santa Clara, San Francisco. North Carolina vs. Virginia, Chapel Hill, N.C. Wake Forest vs. Geo. Washington, Wake Forest, N.C. Holy Cross vs. Rhode Island, Worcester, Mass.

(Professionals)

Fort Wayne vs. Boston & Syracuse vs. Minneapolis, Fort Wayne. Philadelphia vs. St. Louis, Philadelphia.

Hockey

American League All-Stars vs. Pittsburgh Norbits, Pittsburgh.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11

Basketball (Leading college games)

Clemson vs. Duke, Clemson, S.C. Notre Dame vs. Louisville, S. Bend, Ind.

(Professionals)

Minneapolis vs. Boston, St. Paul, Minn. Rochester vs. Philadelphia, Rochester.

Boxing

● Bob Satterfield vs. Johnny Holman, heavyweights, Chicago Stadium (10 rds.), (ABC-TV, 9 p.m. C.S.T., radio, 9:15 p.m. C.S.T.). Pascual Perez vs. Leo Espinosa, World's Flyweight Championship, Buenos Aires (15 rds.).

Hockey

New York vs. Montreal, New York.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 12

Basketball (Leading college games)

Maryland vs. N.C. State, College Pk., Md. Denver vs. Utah, Denver. Kentucky vs. Tulane, Lexington, Ky.

(Professionals)

Philadelphia vs. Rochester, Philadelphia. Syracuse vs. St. Louis, Syracuse.

Golf

Bing Crosby Invitational, Del Mar, Calif. (through Jan. 15).

Hockey

Detroit vs. New York, Detroit. Boston vs. Chicago, Boston.

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, St. Louis.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 13

Basketball (Leading college games)

San Francisco vs. Fresno St., San Francisco. S. Carolina vs. N. Carolina, Columbia, S.C. Virginia Tech vs. Geo. Washington, Blacksburg, Va.

(Professionals)

Boston vs. Syracuse & Rochester vs. St. Louis, Boston.

Foot Show

Natl. Motorboat Show, N.Y. (through Jan. 22).

Boxing

● Jimmy Carter vs. Joey Lopez, lightweights, San Francisco Winterland (10 rds.), 7 p.m. P.S.T. (NBC).

Ice Boating

Northernmost regatta, Lake Geneva, Wis. (through Jan. 15).

Rodeo

Natl. Western Stock Show, Denver (through Jan. 21).

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Indianapolis.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14

Auto Racing

Torrey Pines sports car races, La Jolla, Calif. (also Jan. 13).

Basketball (Leading college games)

Cornell vs. Dayton, Buffalo. Clemson vs. N. Carolina, Clemson, S.C. Vanderbilt vs. Mississippi, Nashville. Iowa vs. Minnesota, Iowa City, Iowa. New Mexico vs. Utah, Albuquerque. Duke vs. Maryland, Durham, N.C. Indiana vs. Illinois, Bloomington, Ind. Drake vs. Oklahoma City, Des Moines. Valparaiso vs. Louisville, Chicago. VMI vs. Geo. Washington, Lexington, Va. Kentucky vs. LSU, Lexington, Ky. Holy Cross vs. Boston U., Worcester, Mass. Ohio State vs. Wisconsin, Columbus, Ohio. ● Michigan St. vs. Purdue, East Lansing, Mich., 3 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS). Men to watch: State's Julius McRoy (15) & Purdue's Joe Sexson (34).

(Professionals)

New York vs. St. Louis, New York. Minneapolis vs. Fort Wayne, Minneapolis. Rochester vs. Syracuse, Rochester. ● Philadelphia vs. Boston, Philadelphia, 3 p.m. (NBC).

Golf

Sea Island Open tournament (women), Sea Island, Ga.

Hockey

Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal. Toronto vs. New York, Toronto. Chicago vs. Detroit, St. Louis.

Horse Racing

El Encino Handicap (furl), \$20,000, 1 1/4 m., 4-yr.-olds up, San Fernando Stakes, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., 4-yr.-olds, Santa Anita Pk., Arcadia, Calif.

Sliding

Hohenkamm races, Kitzbühel, Austria (also Jan. 15).

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Louisville.

Tech & Field

Knights of Columbus meet, Boston.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 15

Basketball (Professionals)

Boston vs. New York, Boston. Syracuse vs. Rochester, Syracuse. Fort Wayne vs. Minneapolis, Fort Wayne. St. Louis vs. Philadelphia, St. Louis.

Boatsliding

European championships, Innsbruck, Austria (also Jan. 16).

Football

Pro Bowl, East vs. West, Los Angeles.

Hockey

Detroit vs. Montreal, Detroit. Boston vs. Toronto, Boston. Chicago vs. New York, Chicago.

Swimming

Inter-American race, San Diego to Acapulco, slalom.

Surfboarding

Intl. competition, Oahu, Hawaii (through Jan. 18).

*See local listing.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—right, U.P.; 5—A.P.; 6, 7—French Motor Press; 8—Walt Disney; 9, 12, 13—drawings by Alvy; 14—Dick Smith; 23—George Foy; 24, 29—Lyn, David Good; 30—U.P.; 31—Tom Barnard; 34—Robert Lewis; 44, 45—My Parker; 55—Saturday Afternoon; 56, 57—My Parker; 59—Feynman; 64—Scott Campbell.

RATIONAL SPORTSMAN

SIR:

I MADE MY NOMINEE FOR SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR (JILLY JOE PATTON) KNOWN TO YOU LAST WEEK (19TH HOLE, Dec. 26). THIS WHEN I SAW JOHNNY FORBES ON YOUR COVER AS YOUR CHOICE I SAID "OH, NO!" THEN I READ ROBERT CREAMER'S RATIONALE. CONGRATULATIONS! SI KNEW BEST.

GEORGE WHITEHOUSE

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

STARS AND SNIPES (CONT.)

SIR:

It looks as though you've managed to get Snipe sailors all over the country up in arms with the running word-battle of Snipe sailor versus Star sailor (19TH HOLE, Dec. 12). We see nothing left but a challenge in defense of our integrity. Let Mr. de Cardenas get his boys and we'll get ours and meet on the field of honor.

We suggest a meeting of two to five picked crews dueling to the death in a neutral boat; or, should he prefer, six races, three in Stars and three in the world's greatest racing machine, Snipe!

HAROLD GILKEATH
FRED PEMBER

Atlanta

● Any takers?—ED.

AT THE RISK OF BECOMING UNPOPULAR...

SIR:

Over the years I have given a great deal of time and thought to the problem of accurate timing in downhill ski racing. I therefore have considered the claim by Mr. Ralph Miller of reaching the speed of 109 mph at Portillo, Chile on August 26 most carefully.

According to Miller's account, a 50-meter stretch was carefully measured and marked at start and finish with bands of soot on the snow. His timer, Emile Allain, stood some distance away on a slope directly opposite the speed trap; from this vantage point he timed each crossing of the black lines.

When the same timekeeper times the entry and exit of a skier over a stretch

defined by soot, I doubt if accuracy is possible within half a second's margin. The time for this particular record, as registered on a stop watch by a single timekeeper, was given as "one second and a fortieth." Clearly an error of a tenth of a second on a 50-meter course completed in approximately a second at a rate of over 100 mph would correspond to some 10 mph, an error of half a second to some 30 mph.

In the case of the record established by Zeno Colo on May 8, 1947 (159.29 kilometers, or 99 miles an hour), electrical timing was employed. Moreover the Italian Federation of Timekeepers and the Aosta Federation of Timekeepers both sent their special delegates to time. In addition there were an assistant timekeeper and two judges and a delegate of the Italian Federation of Winter Sports. Moreover, the course was measured by an official and professional surveyor. A world record established under such conditions, though unofficial, has some interest.

When I was Chairman of the Downhill Slalom Committee of the FIS, I vainly endeavored to persuade the governing body for skiing to formulate official rules for the measurement of courses and to formulate precise rules for world records in speed. The essence of sport is the attempt to discover the limits attainable by that intricate mechanism, the human body, but it is regarded as slightly vulgar, at least by the FIS, to display any interest in such statistics for ski racing. The only result of this refusal of the FIS to regulate such matters is that claims for world records are made and published which provoke doubts, and which ensure a certain amount of unpopularity for those who question them.

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

Mülten, Switzerland

FAMILIAR CUP IN CANADA

SIR:

SI has always been tops in my book, and now since I have read the 19TH HOLE, Dec. 26, it is even more so.

The Grey Cup game gets bigger and better every year, and after our Montreal

Alouettes' aerod loss to the Edmonton Eskimos, the Brooklyn cry of "Wait 'til next year" was heard again this year.

Thanks once again for your coverage.

JEAN WILLIAMS

Montreal

FRAMMIS LULLAY

SIR:

The following was written by my father, Joseph G. Butler, for our son, Richard Rives Ford, age 7 months.

Wreck inhibits BB
Under tree hop
Window van bloss
Deck riddle wall rock
Window back ends
Deck riddle wiffal
Audition welcome wreck inhibits
Bay bee end dull.
(Form group puppy better,
cripples, fly defly)

Pop has always been a great frammisour, and I think this is one of his better ones.

JOAN B. FORD

Los Altos, Calif.

● A Pat on the Back to Pop and Joan for coining the word frammisour.—ED.

BAD NIGHT ON THE POTOMAC

SIR:

Your article by Ezra Bowen on the Inland Waterway (SI, Nov. 28) certainly was very valuable.

There are one or two additions I would like to make.

It is sometimes quite rough going on the Chesapeake Bay at the mouth of the Potomac River, and on the west side of the bay not much chance of getting into a harbor. For boats of deeper draught there is good anchorage inside at the Great Wicomico River just south of the Potomac. The charts will show where to anchor. There is a dock at Fleeton but with a west wind the odor from the fish processing plant is bad.

Small boats in an emergency could go into Sunnybank. Some of the smaller fishing boats tie up in the passage way, just inside the jetty. This is just below the mouth

continued on next page

MR. CAPER

by AJAY



© Ajay

of the Potomac. Just north of the Potomac small boats can go into St. Jerome Creek.

At Beaufort, S.C. the docks are just south of the drawbridge. Boats going south turn sharply to starboard and run parallel to the bridge. If there is need to slow down, to wait to get to the docks, it is necessary to stay away from the bridge. The current is very strong, and if it is running towards the bridge, it will have a boat into the bridge very quickly. A good many boats have been damaged there.

Smith's Creek is a few miles up the Potomac from its mouth, and there are good enough docking facilities up the creek. It is not wise to anchor in the mouth of the Potomac. Storms there are at times sudden and violent. I spent a bad night anchored back of the point on the north shore, one of the worst nights I ever had on a boat.

MONTAGUE BOYD

Atlanta

I HAVE A GOLD MEDAL . . .

Sirs:

You state in your article on Olympic fencing (SI, Dec. 5), "More than 160 gold medals have been won by the men and women fencers of the world. . . . No American has ever won. . . ."

I competed in the 1904 Olympic Games at St. Louis where I won a first prize in the Junior Foils competition for which I received, and have, a gold Olympic medal. I was also on the United States Olympic Fencing Team. The United States team was second in team competition and I received, and have, a silver Olympic medal. The United States team consisted of Charles Tatham, New York, Charles Townsend, New York and Arthur G. Fox, Chicago.

ARTHUR G. FOX

Hollywood, Calif.

● SI was aware of Mr. Fox's 1904 accomplishment but limited its discussion of Olympic fencing to events which count as world championships in Olympic years. Olympic events have never been divided into junior and senior events by the International Olympic Committee. However, in the early 1900s, when the committee was new, local organizing committees sanctioned special events and awarded medals. Mr. Fox's medal is one of these; nonetheless it is an Olympic gold medal, honorably won.—E.D.

A SUITE FOR AVERY

Sirs:

SI, Dec. 26 says that Avery Brundage is the only person to occupy a suite at Cortina for the Winter Olympics!

And they questioned Santee's expense account?

CARL F. SEIDEL

Kansas City, Mo.

● As president of the International Olympic Committee, Avery Brundage will be top executive officer at Cortina and will need an extra room or two to cope with all the amenities of the Winter Games. Mr. Brundage, a wealthy

contractor, has paid his own way in all his years of association with the Olympic Committee.—E.D.

THEY COMPARE TO THE GIRLS

Sirs:

Why prolong the myth that Indiana (SI, Dec. 19) has the most high school basketball activity? Iowa dwarfs them each year in number of teams and gate receipts. Iowa can also boast an older tournament. This March they will be staging the 41st tournament under the state high school athletic association. The series, with an interruption during World War I, dates back to 1912.

The Indiana series would more favorably compare in size with the Iowa girls' tournament in which hundreds of teams fight it out with no less frenzy than the boys' meet provides.

At the close of each season, the Iowa teachers can be heard to murmur, "Now that the basketball season is over, we can start holding school again."

KENNETH E. KOCH

Worcester, Mass.

● Or, as the official state song goes:

*You ask about land I love the best,
Iowa, 'Tis Iowa,*

*The Prairie State of all the West,
Iowa Of Iowa.*

—E.D.

EXIT PAPA BEAR

Sirs:

Nowhere in SI did I see an article on the grand old man of professional football, George Halas of the Chicago Bears. On December 11 a Bear team took the field for the last time under their great coach George Halas, and for the last time he saw his beloved Bears win a game.

Words, of course, completely fail to express a real Bear's feelings at this time now that Papa Bear has decided to retire. There probably wasn't a dry eye in Chicago that night. There wasn't one among good Bear fans, I'm sure. As the Chicago *Trib* wrote the next day, "An era magnificently American came to a close yesterday." Well I've been a good Bear fan for about 10 years now, and to see you completely ignore the retiring of this man just didn't seem like justice to me.

TOM KLEINFELTER

Harlingen, Texas

● For SI's farewell to George Halas, see Events & Discoveries.—E.D.

THE CLEAN GIANTS

Sirs:

I wish to call your attention to an inexcusable reference to the New York Football Giants in your article by Melvin Durslag entitled *Pro Football Is Plenty Rough* (SI, Nov. 28).

The second paragraph of this article reads in part as follows:

"The charge is not a new one. A year ago the Cleveland Browns' Otto Graham told SI readers in a signed article (Oct. 11, 1954) that both college and professional football were 'getting too vicious.' Three weeks ago, in a game against the New York Giants, Graham came up with what he felt was proof enough of his contention. He received a brain concussion which he thinks was purposefully administered, although the point is denied vehemently by

Giant Coach Jim Lee Howell and all the players involved."

. . . I find it hard to believe that this story was checked with Otto Graham because Otto stated in the newspapers and appeared in person on Bill Stern's nationwide radio broadcast to say that his remarks on so-called "dirty football" had no reference to the Giants whatever and that the Giants play hard, clean football. . . . It is my own impression that there is far too much of what I would call "dirty reporting" current in the magazine field and that this is a conspicuous example.

RAYMOND J. WAHSE

General Manager

New York Football Giants

New York

● The day after an errant Giant elbow removed him from the game with a brain concussion Otto Graham in addressing the Atlanta Quarterback Club had this to say about dirty football: "Commissioner Bell says that the league plays rough and tough, but not dirty. I know that it just isn't so. Officials are letting the players get away with too much. I think the commissioner and the owners could do something about it if they wanted." Pro football, said Graham, is getting "rougher and rougher" and unless something is done "will get out of hand."

Two days later when interviewed on Bill Stern's radio show Graham repeated his contention that not enough is done to punish "those dirty football players [who] slug with their elbows." Graham was then confronted with this statement: "Well then, you want to go on record as saying you have no gripe against any one individual or any one team." Said Graham: "No, I definitely did not say that the New York Giants are a dirty football team because I don't believe they are. I think they're a very clean football team. Now what happened to me in that particular ball game as I say, I don't know. . . . I definitely was out for about half an hour, but I don't know what happened."

This month Otto Graham again repeated his charge of dirty football. Speaking before the Norfolk, Va. Sports Club, Graham said: ". . . there are some players who get away with murder. . . . and I do think there has been an increase in that type of play. . . . It should be outlawed. The present penalties are not drastic enough."—E.D.

A PROPOSAL

Sirs:

On January 2 the air was full of football, the Rose Bowl, the Cotton Bowl, the Sugar Bowl and so on. Good football all of it, football that nobody wants to miss. Yet in the past and at present there is no possible way to listen to all the bowl games.

I suggest that next year, bowl games be spread over the week of December 23 to January 1. Anyone fortunate enough to get a ticket to a bowl game could surely get off that day to attend the game. Folks

who listen on TV or radio could listen to one game a day for a week instead of tuning in one game on TV, another on the radio and even then having to miss the other games except for what can be picked up during the time-outs or half time.

Let a bowl committee draw lots, the team getting first choice could then choose the date between December 25 and January 1 which it prefers; the team drawing lot No. 2 would have second choice of dates, and on down the line.

Every bowl would surely be filled, TV and radio sponsors would have a far larger audience and football fans could listen peacefully to one game a day for an entire wonderful week.

WALLER L. TAYLOR, M.D.

Virginia Beach, Va.

OUR MODEST BROTHER

SIR:

SINCE FRATERNITY BROTHER FRED MAGUIRE IS TOO MODEST TO WRITE THIS HIMSELF, WE FEEL OBLIGATED TO INFORM SI READERS THAT HIS 1954 RECORD OF 114.1 FOR THE 100-METER ORTHODOX BREST-STROKE WAS NOT BROKEN BY RON ALDERBROOK OF MICHIGAN (RECORD BREAKER, DET. 52). ALDERBROOK'S TIME WAS FOR 100 YARDS, A CONSIDERABLY SHORTER DISTANCE THAN 100 METERS.

BROTHERS OF SIGMA CHI FRATERNITY
Colgate University

Hamilton, N.Y.

• The brothers are correct. SI's error came through an incorrect listing in the AAU official swimming handbook.—ED.

COLONEL BLAIR'S TREASURE

SIR:

SI has been a most interesting magazine to men of football and I wish to commend you on the high caliber of art and editorial work which makes it so attractive.

The picture of the Army squad about to enter a game with the Corps as background (SI, Nov. 28) is a treasure.

EARL (RED) BLAIR

West Point, N.Y.

THE OLYMPIC FUND IN CANADA

SIR:

I really believe that the idea of having Happy Knoll's members contribute to the U.S. Olympic Fund is a fine thought and should help this very worthwhile organization considerably.

The Canadian Olympic Fund is doing a wonderful job sending our skiers, hockey players, skaters and other participants to the Winter Games. Here is my contribution for this cause—it certainly merits every Canadian's support.

CHARLES R. BRONFMAN

Vancouver

• Happy Knoll is glad to open an account for the Canadian Olympic Fund and, through SI, will forward all contributions earmarked for Canadian athletes to the Fund's headquarters in Montreal.—ED.

SIDE BY SIDE

SIR:

Please accept my application for an International Membership in Happy Knoll Club.

I am sure that Canadians look on SI as their personal sports magazine and I know that you will be interested in seeing Canadian athletes standing beside American athletes in Melbourne in 1956.

FREDERICK N. A. ROWELL

Vancouver

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

SIR:

Here's hoping that many other readers made this same New Year's resolution: to ask SI for a guest membership card in Happy Knoll and send a contribution to the U.S. Olympic Fund.

GEORGE CARY

New York

• Others who have made this a happy new year for Happy Knoll's Olympic Funds are: Winchester Kelso Jr., San Antonio; LaRue Smith, Great Falls, Mont.; Gladys LeRoy, Brookfield, Mass.; Bud Bodwell, Chagrin Falls, Ohio; Lincoln Davidson, Taunton, Mass.; Robert Gunn, Freeport, Texas; David Mills, Novelty, Ohio; John Kahl, Green Bay, Wis.; Richard Bigwood, Boston; William Dickerman, Taunton, Mass.; Lieut. R. B. Dickerman, Loring A.F.B., Maine; Robert Grant, Green Bay, Wis.; William W. Bothwell, Toronto; Benjamin Jones, Springfield, Mass.; John Schindler, Moreland Hills, Ohio; Elmer Evans, Buffalo, N.Y.; Dan Swander, Cleveland; and Merril Noelin, Lexington, Mass.—ED.



"I usual say this for Mildred, she sits a horse well!"



MR. AND MRS. H. V. KALTENBORN

PAT ON THE BACK

News Commentator H. V. Kaltenborn and his wife Olga, photographed in the garden of their Manhattan home, have played tennis together all over the world since 1910. This winter the Kaltenborns have been playing indoors at the River Club. In summer they play at their country home in Stony Brook, L.I. Now 77, H. V.'s ambition is to top the late King of Sweden, who played until he was 88. "Most people," says Kaltenborn, "think tennis just a younger people's game. When people quit at 50, they stop enjoying one of the finest games in the world."



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